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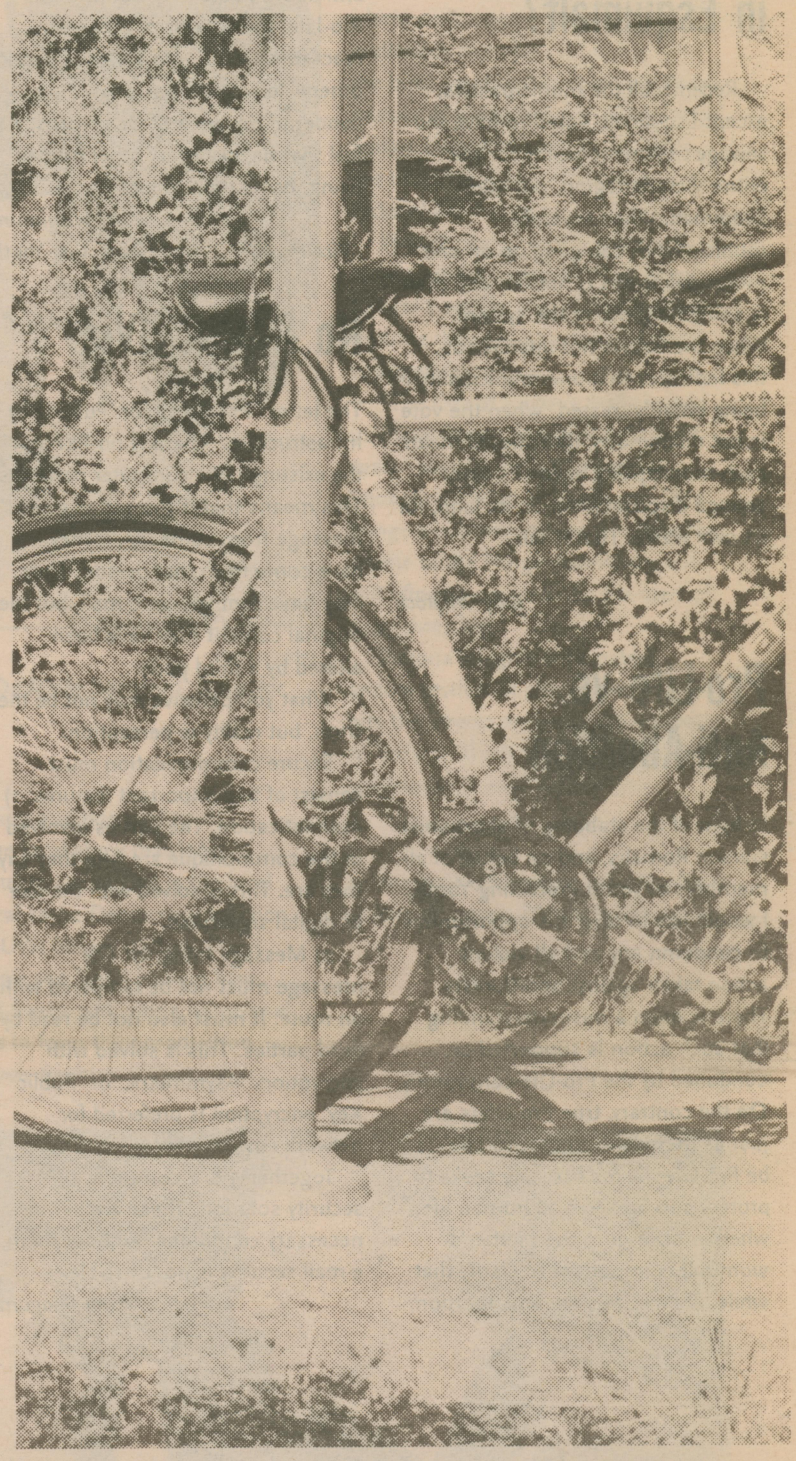
AUGUST 24, 2000 [53.4]

Martlet

URBAN JUNGLE:

"Are we trying to run from the metro-wild to the controlled predictability of "nature" or what? What's wild? What's artificial? What are we trying to be?"



photos by Richard Warrington

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Letters:

Victoria's sewage in Esquimalt?

Recently all the municipalities, except Esquimalt, voted to have the sewage treatment facility for the entire Victoria region, put into Esquimalt. When several municipalities can gang up on one municipality, this is not fair and there is something wrong the system. When the vote is not unanimous, this indicates that one municipality is being unfairly treated. When the vote is not unanimous, that should mean each municipality builds its own sewage disposal plant on its land, for its own waste. That is fair.

Judy Whytock

Pro-Life vs. Anti-Abortion

In light of the stabbing of abortionist Garson Romalis, and on behalf of all members of youth Protecting Youth, I would like to take this opportunity to condemn any and all violent action taken against abortionists. There is often a misunderstanding that such action is supported or condoned by the Pro-Life community. On the contrary, true Pro-Lifers are just as they claim to be: Pro-Life. To be Pro-Life means that one seeks to protect and preserve all human life, whether born or in the mother's womb. It is important to clarify that while all Pro-Lifers are anti-abortion, not all anti-abortionists are necessarily Pro-Life. though some anti-abortionists may claim to be Pro-Life, the actions of those who react to violence with violence speak otherwise. while we strongly condemn the work of Dr. romalis, we feel that he, like every other human being, has a right to life.

Peter Nishimura
Vice-President, Youth Protecting Youth

No PKI at UVic

The letters PKI stand for 'Public Key Infrastructure.' There is no PKI on the existing UVic computer networks. This means that if you get an e-mail message from someone, it may not have come from that person. They may have sent you an e-mail, but the original content may have been altered by a third party.

What you perceive may not be the truth, but reality is perception.

Secure communication must consist of two important features: 1) Authentication: The parties involved in the communiqué are who they say they are. This is solved with the use of digital signatures.

2) Message Integrity: The message must not be tampered with on route. It must also not be read by third parties. This is solved with encryption. 'Asymmetric' or 'Public Key' encryption is preferred for network environments.

Together, 1 & 2 comprise a security solution. These are necessary conditions. Without them, e-mail security is not possible.

Rana Phagurra

[2000/2001]
Martlet
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Letters: *the martlet* has an open letters policy and will endeavour to print every letter received from the university community, with priority given to undergraduate students. Letters must be typewritten, submitted on disk or by email and include your name and student number for verification. Letters must be 200 words maximum. **Deadline** for letters is noon on the Friday before publication date. Letters will be prioritized by order received. Letters with pseudonyms or group names will not be printed.

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OPINION:

Urban Jungle: notes on the urban environment

"Aaaaaaaayyyy!" echoes through the air as urban Tarzan swings from skyscraper to skyscraper on his extended phone cord.

No, wait a sec! Phones don't need cords any more. And SUVs don't need dirt to be rugged. And why in the world would MEC sell a travel-size espresso machine?

Ruffin' it has a whole new meaning these days. Yes, we all know it: the urban and the wild are trying to meld, with some startingly comical, yet disappointing results.

Peace, love and laptop computers. Gone are the days when heads went to Dead shows to rock out and be political. Now the McHippies pop pills and feel the flow of Phish.

Their outfits are the same, but now instead of having them as a cause, they are to achieve a look. But dreadlocks smell so much better when they are vitamin enriched with Juico™!

Who cares if they're not "real"? And what about the sarong. It's got a "new agey" spiritual feel, looks great and exploits Third World workers. Who can go wrong?

Cut down the old growth trees to build pre-fab "rustic log cabins" on the edge of a pristine river that was once intensely managed by a First Nations group.

It doesn't matter if the trees are 2000-years-old 'cause those cabins may last up to 50 years and they sure make great corporate retreats.

As the city blends with the wild our grandparents can't tell them a part.

They build fortresses to keep their kids' kids out, but those "wild teenagers" wonder if we're protecting ourselves from the wild drivers within those gates.

Urbanites ask for more untouched nature and we build symmetrical parks and mono-grassed golf courses decorated with plastic bald eagles.

Are we trying to run from the metro-wild to the controlled predictability of "nature" or what?

What's wild? What's artificial? What are we trying to be? Order up a chai tea with an organic veggie burger on whole wheat at the local Latte Café after we pick up some Doc Marten's with chiru fur from Aldo.

But those high soles help me plow through puddles up to three inches deep! And there are still like 75,000 chirus left in Tibet. Besides, they're not that cute. Free Tibet!

Vegans that wear Doc Martens, suits in a log cabin, "nature" loving golfers, on-road SUVs, and phone-totin' Tarzan. What a paradox. That's our world.

We're not interested in wasting ink or paper.
Our readers have asked for some changes.

The Martlet has undergone some renovations.
We've reorganized the office space.
We've revamped our design.
We're launching a web site.
You'll see more non-fiction, fiction and poetry, international news, analysis and research.
The Martlet is what students make it.
If there's a gap in our coverage, come in and fill it.

Wanna make an ass of yourself?

Why not? Come on in and join us.
As much as we work, we have fun at *the Martlet*. We ask for commitment, consistency and creative thought. Our most demanding time is production, a long haul stretching from Monday to Wednesday afternoon when we go to press.

Volunteer tasks: writing, research, copy editing, Zen master for production time

Paid positions: news editors, arts editor, sports editor, copy editor, production assistant, archivist, web master, op/ed, billboards, distribution, graphics editor, volunteer coordinator

Hiring for paid positions happens in the middle of September.

Join us at our first meeting on Thursday, September 7 @12:30. Meet at the office (SUB B011)

A bad day for Stockwell

by Ben Isitt

photo by Ben Isitt

Stockwell Day addresses protesters and supporters at Saturday's Cedar Hill Golf Course barbeque.

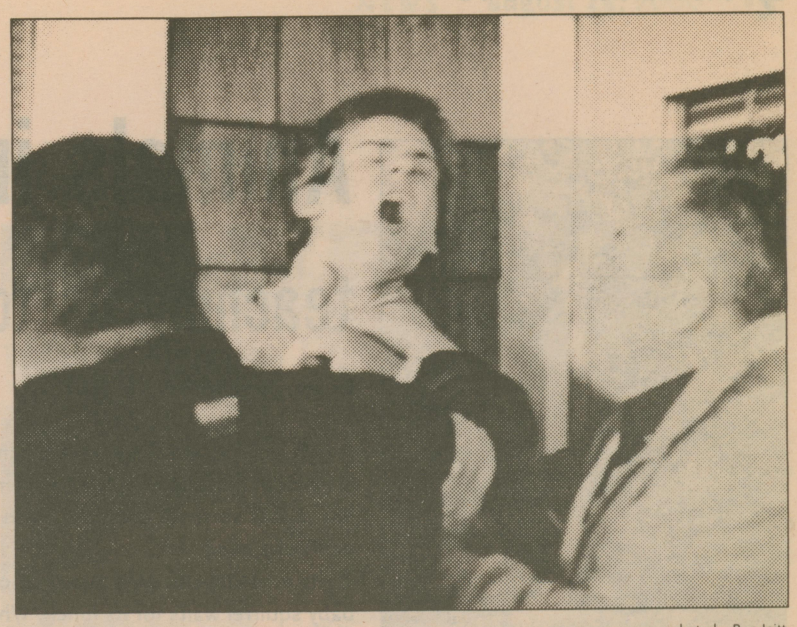


photo by Ben Isitt

Kelly Sundberg (left), Alliance barbeque organizer and an unidentified man (right) allegedly attack protester Steve Russo.

Cedar Hill Golf Course was the scene of a raucous hoedown Aug.19, when roughly 100 protesters crashed a picnic hosted by Canadian Alliance leader Stockwell Day.

Amid chants of "Stockwell Day, he's okay, if you like the K.K.K.," and "Flat tax, no way, tax the rich and make them pay," the predominantly elderly crowd of several hundred Alliance supporters fought back with a vengeance, hurling expletives, insults, and more than one middle finger. They counted Holocaust-denying Victoria lawyer Doug Christie among their ranks.

At one point, a Saanich Police officer intervened to prevent an elderly Day supporter from grabbing a protester. Another elderly man was overheard asking, "Are you one of those gay people?" And a UVic law student claims he was assaulted by a uniformed Saanich officer and an unidentified male.

But the most chaotic moment of the evening took place around 6:30 p.m. when the sport utility vehicle Day was traveling in discreetly pulled up behind the Golf Course's clubhouse. The athletic Opposition Leader sprang out of the vehicle with several dozen protesters hot on his heels.

In the ensuing mêlée, a former Camosun student, Steve Russo, 23, was allegedly strangled by former UVSS Director of Academics Kelly Sundberg and an unidentified man who appeared to be a member of Day's inner security detail. "I got hit in the side of the head myself," Sundberg said in his defense.

Minutes after his turbulent arrival, Day delivered a speech from the clubhouse balcony over the chants of protesters assembled on either side of the picnic area below him. Both sides dispersed peacefully shortly thereafter.

Despite the mayhem, Saanich Police Sgt. Fraser described the demonstrators as "fairly orderly" and "cooperative."

"They were loud," Sgt. Fraser said. "I'm sure they got their message across to the people that were here."

It was Day's inaugural visit to Victoria since taking the helm of Canada's newest political party last month. He is currently a candidate in a by-election in the B.C. riding of Okanagan-Coquihalla, attempting to win a seat in the House of Commons in preparation for the next federal election.

But protesters - including 40 delegates to the semi-annual general meeting of the Canadian Federation of Students' provincial component - wasted no time in stating their opposition to the former Alberta treasurer.

"I think that Stockwell Day's agenda does not represent the interests of ordinary working Canadians," said Sasha Kvakic, Camosun College Student Society's external executive.

"I think that his social conservative values combined with his stance on fiscal matters, i.e. the flat tax, are extremely regressive measures designed to punish the poor, punish minorities, punish basically everybody who doesn't fit into the highest income brackets in this nation," Kvakic said.

Day, offered to give protesters a hearing, but they refused on the grounds that such a meeting would provide Day with positive publicity in the mainstream media.

"If they change their mind I'm more than happy to sit down with them," Day said during his speech.

A local riding president was less sympathetic to the protesters' concerns.

"They are very concerned that the non- socialistic radical left is growing so strong that it puts them way into the shadows, and they have nowhere to go now except to make feeble demonstration like this," said Leonard Melman, president of the Nanaimo-Alberni constituency association.

> It's racism, it's homophobia, it's sexism.
>
> *-Kathyrn Saunders, protester*

> There are no bigots here. There are no Hitlers here.
>
> *-Leonard Merman, Nanaimo-Alberni constituency association president*

"The only reason they're here is because they are truly afraid of the Alliance, because it is growing so fast and becoming so popular. If we were not really in a position to win the government, they wouldn't be here," Melman said. He is quick to distance himself from the allegations of the protesters that the Alliance is somehow intolerant.

"There are no bigots here. Nobody has any anti-abortion platform. There are no Hitlers here." Melman said.

However Doug Christie, who was present at Day's barbecue, counts neo-Nazi propagandist and Holocaust denier Ernst Zundel among his clientele. Christie 's former legal intern wrote several years ago that Christie, along with Zundel, celebrated his birthday on April 20, Hitler's birthday. The intern stated that Christie's views were "antisemitic and almost blatantly pro-Nazi."

Christie also defended former Alberta high-school teacher Jim Keegstra when hate charges were brought against him for the antisemitic content of his history course.

A recent *Monday Magazine*, reported that after a court stripped him of his teaching credentials, Keegstra opened a mechanic shop in nearby Bentley, Alta., where Day served as administrator and assistant pastor at an evangelical Christian school.

Jim Keegstra was reportedly Stock Day's mechanic. In the same *Monday* article, Keegstra clearly states his allegiances: "I'd vote for Stockwell."

Regardless of where Day and his supporters stand on the political spectrum, Kathryn Saunders, a member of the local branch of the Industrial Workers of the World, doesn't mince words:

"It's racism, it's homophobia, it's sexism," Saunders said. "Their immigration policy, it's clearly racist. It's trying to prevent people of colour from getting into the country by basically saying you have to be able to afford to come into Canada and that we should be selective. What can I say? It's completely evil. It's the face of fascism.

"When the Reform Party used to meet, back in the 80s, tons of people would go and rally against it because we knew them as the KKK. Now they're disguised and they've got the media, and they've got a spin to make it shiny and new. Well it's not shiny and new. It's disgusting."

Community Mapping: A way to name the places of beauty

by Christi Howes

The next time you fancy bush whacking through Mystic Vale, grab a *The Trails and Tales Guide*, available soon through the UVic Sustainability Project (UVSP).

Its aim is to encourage students, faculty and staff to make more use of the natural areas on campus.

As the campus population grows, unprotected natural areas of UVic like Bowker Creek and Cunningham Woods are threatened by future development plans. "The guide highlights specific and interesting points on campus. If students feel connected to the areas they will want to preserve them," says project coordinator Lindsay Cole.

The guide uses community mapping principles to identify the ecological values on campus. Community mapping is a visual tool that enables people to come together and discuss ways to represent what is important in the world around them.

The maps can portray anything from the physical attributes of a place to the cultural heritage, natural resources and wildlife located in an area.

The UVic sustainability project is one example of many community mapping projects happening in neighborhoods and communities within the Capital Regional District.

Mapping is being used by community members of all ages to illustrate and document present resources and assist in future planning directions.

Maps are tools that shape our perception of place. "One way to think of community mapping is to open your front door and map what you see, what you value in your neighborhood. People think of road maps but you have to take your blinders off and stop to look around," says Judy Brownoff, a Saanich Councilor and Chair of Healthy Saanich, a community-based committee that helps promote community growth and interaction.

Healthy Saanich hosted a community mapping workshop in November 1998 that brought together over 100 residents, creating 54 different maps. The project called "Cherishing the Past, Valuing the Present and Envisioning the Future" was attended by seniors, school children, farmers and community groups.

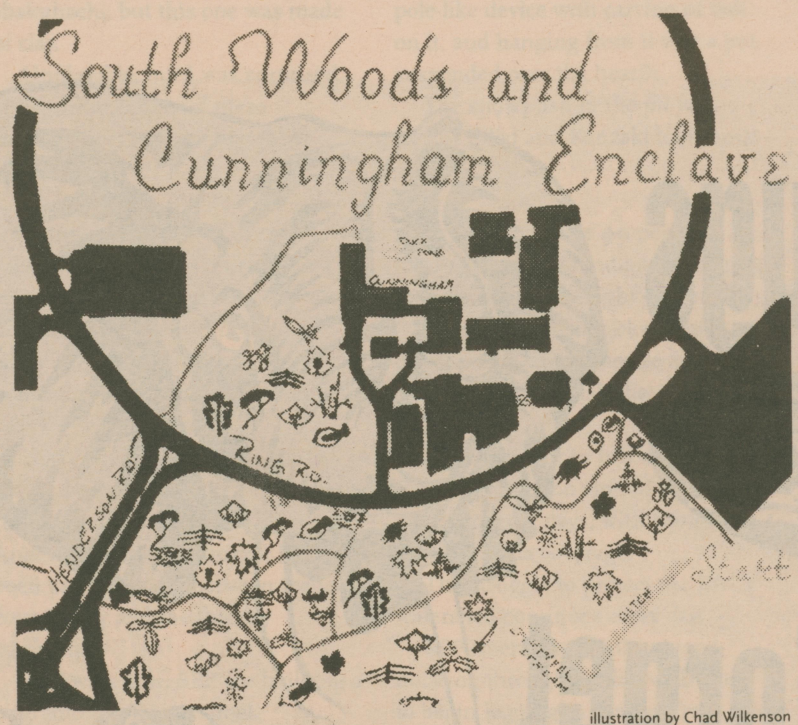


illustration by Chad Wilkenson

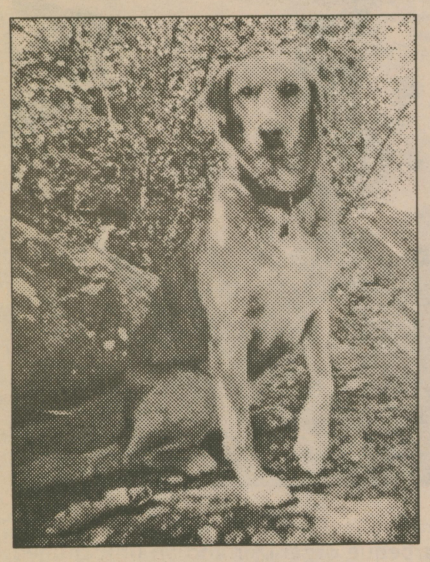
These diverse groups came together to share their personal maps and to create a collective vision of what they value in Saanich. "It allows the average citizen to draw, write, paste, or color what they value in their community," says Brownoff.

The maps produced at the workshop highlighted what residents considered special in their neighborhoods and have become an integral part of the community planning process.

"These maps are now an appendix to the official community plan," she adds.

The UVSP would like the ecological information supplied in Tales and Trails considered important to future planning processes at UVic. Cole calls the maps an educational and political tool. Recreational trails, diversity of plant life, bird nesting sites and endangered plant species are profiled in the guide. The maps created by UVic biology student Chad Wilkenson were compiled from extensive research done by UVSP members and volunteer biology students over the past year.

Trails and Tales is planned for release during the Earthfest celebrations starting the first day of classes in September. It can also be obtained at www.stas.uvic.ca/uvsp. Due to limited funding and resources only a few printed copies will be available.



Animals in care:

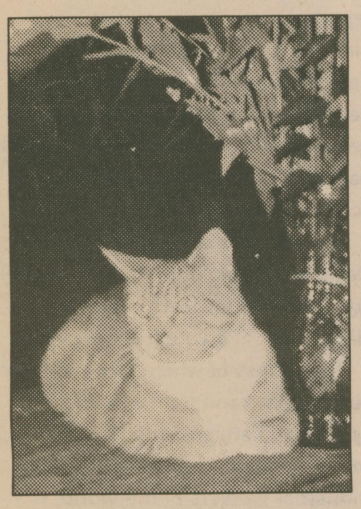
teaching us to be better human beings

by Margaret Speirs

A pink, hairless body squirms around on a washcloth, looking a lot like a tiny mutant lizard. It is so small it almost fits in the palm of a hand.

Its eyes still closed, a two-week-old baby squirrel waits for its lunch. When a tiny syringe is placed in its mouth, it stops squirming.

"It's being fed squirrel formula. Someone actually invented a formula just for them," says Lana Emo, senior wildlife rehabilitator at Wild Arc, an SPCA-run rehab centre for injured animals.



Here in the rehabilitation room, other animals wait for a bite. A small, cream-coloured dog dish is filled with an adult squirrel's lunch: Cheerios, unshelled peanuts, sunflower seeds and apples slices.

Another dish contains fish, unshelled peanuts, dog food, peach slices and boiled egg halves for a crow. Beside these dishes, a meal worm inches its way along the surface – its segments clearly defined like a worm but shades lighter.

"Meal worms are a substitute for natural insects for the orphaned birds. The stimulus of live insects trains the birds so they know what to look for when they go back out into the wild," says Emo. About 70 per cent of the animal in-patients are birds and the rest are raccoons, squirrels and fawns.

The SPCA brings up to 25 animals in several times a day.

At the peak of the busy season, between April and September, 350 fuzzy patients wait for treatment .

Two incubators used for critical animals or babies stand against the opposite wall.

The baby squirrel's five orphaned siblings are kept warm wrapped in a pink and blue animal-figured towel laid out in a box.

Inside a small aquarium, a hummingbird sits motionless on a branch next to a feeder. Looking at his tiny, dark brown body and long, needle-thin beak, you can see its wing is hurt, most likely because it flew into a window.

A large wire dog crate contains a large log and some evergreen branches in it for a squirrel, who, like the other animals, isn't too happy to be here.

"The cages are often set up like a natural environment to make [the animals] feel comfortable [which] helps with their medical treatment," she says. "It helps to keep them stress-free in such a foreign environment."

"All of these animals are here because of negative human interaction," says Emo.

"We have a huge impact on wildlife. It comes out of ignorance about what the result of [human] interaction."

Emo says human foul-ups include not putting silhouettes on windows to prevent birds flying into them; using rat poison, which works its way through the entire food chain and using fly strips, which can catch birds and bats.

"When [people] understand [what can happen], they try to [do things] differently." She says she's learned many things from animals.

"Animals have taught me a lot about trust, fear and the joy of living. It is always argued that animals don't feel joy but they do get joy out of life and we do see it from working so closely with them."

An example of that joy was shown to her by a male crow who was part of a family of crows living in a woman's backyard.

The centre received a phone call after a power outage at her home. "The male crow was found on the deck with a singed head, his flight feathers [were just a] bunch of sticks on each side and his eyes were bare around the sockets.

You could smell the acrid stench of burned feathers. Emo says that he couldn't be released until he had molted, which would have taken another full year.

They were able to treat him with a medication to make him molt quicker. Within three weeks, his feathers had grown back and he was ready to go home. "We arranged with [the woman] to release him [back] onto her property.

Almost immediately, the babies came out and gaped at him. They knew immediately that it was dad and started feeding from him.

[It was very satisfying to return him] to his family."

She says she sees animals differently than ordinary people do. "[Working with] animals so closely allows me to [see differences] in their 'animality' traits. When I see an animal in the wild, I see it as an individual [instead of] as just another crow or starling."

She uses the term 'animality' traits rather than 'personality' traits because she says using the latter is putting our influence on them. "Life is life [and] there's no reason to think that human life is more important than animal life."

photos by Meesha Chan

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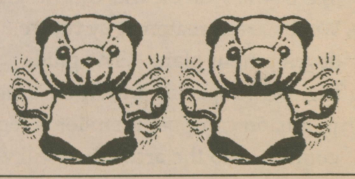
We're looking for submissions for our September issues.

Features
News stories
Arts stories
Sports stories
Photography et cetera

Interested? Drop by the first Martlet meeting of the semester, Thursday, September 7 @ 12:30



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Protesters target local Safeway in campaign against GE food producers

photo by Richard Warrington

Janine Bandcroft, a member of local group Gene Action, labels suspected GE products in Safeway.

by Gillian Jerome

Posters advertising a $25,000 reward for tips leading the arrest and conviction of the vandals who caused $1 million in damages a B.C. reforestation orchard in March may be attracting interest, but no new evidence.

However a Fernwood newsletter called *The Sleeping Dragon* printed an anonymous letter by the vandals written on the night of the attack.

Calling themselves the Ministry of Forest Defence, they wrote a dramatic, detailed account of the vandalism. "When we could positively identify trees as transgenic because they were labelled, we went after them with a vengeance while leaving trees marked 'native stand' or 'non-weevil resistant' alone.

"We cut, sawed, snapped and looped young trees and ring barked the larger trees (sized from 8 to 25 feet) When the police showed up before we could finish our work, we then retreated to the shadows under the protection of the night."

The Martlet placed several calls around town asking those involved for comment. Although $25,000 is a big payment on a student loan, no one was willing to speak on the record.

Signs advertising the jackpot were posted by the Ministry of Forests (MOF) in Saanich and Brentwood Bay shopping centres, as well as around UVic and Camosun campuses.

Saanich Orchard manager David Reid says he isn't happy about the vandalism, nor is he impressed with growing trend in environmental activism called eco-terrorism.

He says all material damaged in the attacks originated from wild forest stands and traditional tree breeding programs.

Since 1996 eco-terrorists have vandalized orchards along the North American West Coast claiming to champion the cause for eliminating research on genetically engineered crops.

Since last October, four Canadian sites have hit by vandals starting with UBC's biotechnology institute, causing setbacks in several research projects.

Some of the trees destroyed at UBC were involved in a Ministry of Forests study comparing the growth and survival of Douglas fir and western hemlock seed from different geographic sources from around the province.

A Western Forest Products (WFP) orchard was hit Halloween night by a group calling themselves the Genetic Pumpkins. Damage is estimated at $250,000 to gene archives and seed orchards of Sitka spruce, western hemlock and yellow cedar, delaying reforestation efforts by as much as seven years.

WFP orchard manager John Halusiak refused to comment, saying the company didn't want any more media attention for security reasons.

In the US eco-terrorism prompted The Oregonian newspaper to do a 10-month investigation, evaluating hundreds of incidents, including pipe bomb explosions at the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and a $12 million arson case at Colorado's Vail Ski Resort.

A Portland animal rights activist attributed the blaze to protecting lynx habitat from destruction by ski resort developers.

Both the RCMP and the FBI have linked the most recent chain of crimes targeting government and university orchards and research sites to an American-based website called GenetiX Alert.

RCMP Sgt. Vandeerford says David Barberash, a spokesman for the both the Earth and Animal Liberation Fronts, claimed responsibilty on behalf of his group for vandalizing the Western Forest Products orchard.

The vandalism isn't great publicity for the already isolated radical activist movements in Canada. None of the Canadian sites are growing any genetically engineered trees.

"I can tell you where the research is being done in Canada," says UVic biology professor Dr. Patrick von Aderkas. "And it's not at government orchards. They have to do better research."

The $25,000 reward is public money taken from the provincial reforestation program's budget to find the culprits and hopefully break the chain of vandalism plaguing the coast.

However, Saanich police say the reward campaign hasn't been successful. A Crime Stoppers re-enactment aired on Channel 6 has led to no tips. Crime Stoppers police co-ordinator Dan Cottingham says they haven't received one call.

"People out there probably know things but they're keeping quiet," says Cottingham.

> There's an irrationality out there [among activists] aimed at universities that's why we lock our doors
>
> *Patrick von Aderkas, UVic biologist*

The web project, GenetiX Alert, partially funded by a Canadian anarchist group, encourages vandals to write in so their accounts can be posted on the Internet.

Some West Coast researchers are readying for this year's growing season by purchasing motion sensors and other security devices.

"There's an irrationality out there [among activists] aimed at universities that's why we lock our doors," says von Aderkas.

"What they're after is media attention...The fact is that trees are hard to use for genetic manipulation."

Von Aderkas says the GE food debate is marred by misinformation and a fear of science.

"The lay person's view of genes doesn't match reality," he wrote in a Mar. 24 issues of The Ring. "Purity is an argument rooted in Plato, and reiterated by Gertrude Stein – a rose is a rose is a rose. Oh how wrong they were! Plants stand stil but genes don't."

He argues that plant biotechnology has nearly a 100 year-old history involving four areas of research and experimentation: tissue culture, transformation, breeding experiments and DNA technology.

"Any Boston fern that you have have ever owned is a tissue culture clone," he writes.

It's the science industry craves right now, with some biotech companies posing as bountiful prophets for the third world.

That's what an early August issue of Time magazine boasted with its full-cover plug for golden rice, a genetically engineered grain that contains extra beta carotene, a property that helps the body produce vitamin A.

The US-based marketing company AstraZeneca wants to drop the rice like manna from heaven onto land owned by poor farmers in India.

Biotech companies hungry for profits reaped from GE crops aren't scoring points even in their own circles.

In a speech given to the multinational seed company Monsanto, president of the US-based Rockefeller foundation Dr. Gordon Conway called for help for "the poor and excluded, those who remain untouched by the benefits of globalization." The foundation funds biotech research world-wide.

He chastized Monsanto for being to too quick to bring research to market, referring to their campaigns to sell terminator seeds to third world farmers.

Conway asked them to "speak and act differently" if GE technology is to have any degree of success.

"Research on the economic impact of genetically modified crops should parallel research into the science: there must be credible, accessible work on the social and economic impact on the lives of poor farmers."

Local activist Richard Bocking agrees. He says kids in India, or any other nation where food is unequally distributed, need green leafy vegetables.

"They need to be properly fed. They're starving because so many families are forced off their land," says Bocking, speaking on behalf of the Council of Canadians.

"[Golden rice] will cause monoculture agriculture and the disenfranchisement of large masses of people."

Fourth-year UVic biochemistry student Eric Lescarbeau wants golden rice gurus stopped. He and fellow student Alex Lisman organized a rally outside the Safeway at Fort and Foul Bay roads in early August.

A dozen members of the community-based activist group Gene Action went through the store labelling food likely to contain manipulated genes. About twenty members picketed outside the store with pamphlets warning customers that GE foods aren't labelled and no federal body monitors the research funded by biotech companies.

They plan to campaign against Weston-owned grocery stores, Loblaws and Save on Foods.

"Our aim is not to get into confrontations with staff," says Lescarbeau. "We want to send a message to the corporations and we want to have the greatest possible impact on people's consciousness but we also want to minimize the inconvenience for the people working in these stores."

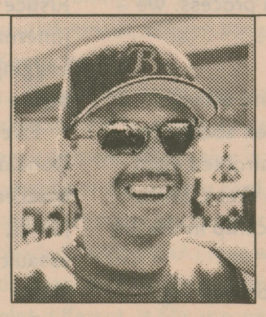
Their activism, he says, will focus on market campaigns and protests aimed at informing consumers. Lescarbeau denounces the recent attacks on B.C. orchards, saying that if activists are to bring about any change, they've got to know the facts first.

If you're interested in participating in a teach-in prior to the Nov. 12 to 16 Pacific Rim Biotechnology Conference in Vancouver, call 384-9747. David Suzuki and Bruce Kneen are scheduled to speak at the teach-in.

For further research on GE foods: *Farmageddon* by Brewster Kneen, *The Stolen Harvest* by Vandana Shiva, *Genetic Engineering: Dream or Nightmare* by Mae-Wan Ho.

on the spot

What's your opinion of genetically engineered foods?



Wayne Dealy

We have more people than we can feed. But I'm not sure that GE foods are the answer. It's a relatively new science. I'm glad they're making people aware. It's the same thing with pesticides and herbicides used in farming.

Anna Maria Adamin

I've got allergies. So I eat only organic foods. GE foods cause more problems than solutions. We seemed to have been fine with the food we orginally had.

Don Barker

We've had GE foods for a long time. The wheat we eat as Canadians is genetically engineered. There's a longhistory of it in thisi country. It's very hypocritical of us as a wheat producing country to take the position that all GE food is bad. How do you feed people?

Bye-bye Grandpa Doug

Research, tree-sits, road blocks: For five years activists have been fighting to protect the Elaho. So far Interfor is winning the bloody war.

Part 1 of a series

by Gillian Jerome

When RCMP Insp. Bud Mercer cut the climbing ropes supporting Jonah Fertig 60 metres up a Douglas fir in the Upper Elaho valley, Victoria activist Dennis Zarelli threw Fertig a cargo line to grab onto and climb to safety.

Fertig clung to his platform on hands and knees while it teetered and dropped to the branches below.

Zarelli says he was too shocked to yell or scream as Fertig took the rope and climbed to the safety of the adjacent tree fort.

The two climbing ropes had been rigged under a pick-up truck parked sideways on the Lava Creek bridge by Vancouver-based Friends of the Elaho. For two days the blockade stopped Interfor workers from logging the oldest Douglas firs in Canada.

A sign posted on the truck read, "If you cut these ropes, these people will die." Mercer cut the ropes and another officer told the tree sitters they were under arrest.

"I can say with absolute certainty that the decision to cut the ropes was made after careful scrutiny of the set up," says Squamish RCMP Sgt. Gary Brine. "It was a mistake if the protesters suggested otherwise, or a lie."

Huddled into a tree fort the size of a Twister map, the four activists refused to budge. Hours later an RCMP emergency response team showed up wearing camouflage and toting M16s.

For eight days in August, Zarelli, Fertig and two others lived in the top branches of two 400-year-old Douglas firs hoping yet again to bring public attention to the destruction of rainforest in the Stoltmann wilderness.

They lived without food and water for five days after RCMP blocked supply lines.

The tree sitters, calling themselves the Artamus collective, did it to make a point. They say the Upper Elaho's temperate rainforest is falling down, tree by tree, at the hands of forestry company International Forests Products (Interfor) backed by International Woodworker's Association (IWA) union leaders and the provincial government.

Sgt. Brine apologized for being on holiday at the time of the arrests. He says he knows the protesters fairly well. "[I doubt] there's all that much tension between protesters and police," Brine claims.

"Most environmentalists understand that the police are not the agency to bring peace in the Upper Elaho."

The eight-day blockade resulted in the arrests of Zarelli,23, Fertig, 21, from Portland, Maine, Rebecca Avrett, 24, of Augusta, Georgia, and Trevor Schatz, 24, of Ottawa.

They were charged with mischief, intimidation by blockading a highway and three counts of obstructing the police officer trained to climb the trees they lived in. The protesters were released on the condition they don't leave BC or return to the Elaho. Their next provincial court date is Aug. 24 in Squamish.

Interfor owns a tree farming license for 100,000 hectares of forest north of Squamish in the Stoltmann wilderness. Conflict between industry and environmentalists dates back to 1995 when Interfor bought logging rights from Weldwood Inc.

A year later the Western Canada Wilderness Committee (WCWC) set up camp a short walk north of Lava Creek to measure, map and catalogue about fifty 1000-year-old Douglas firs looped around the creek.

"They're the oldest Douglas firs in the province, maybe the country," says campaign director Ken Wu.

About an hour's bushwhack south, People's Action for Threatened Habitat (PATH) built a camp to organize blockades.

The Elaho wasn't protected at all until 1996 when the province called all major stakeholders together – including members of the Squamish and Lillooet nations, miners, IWA union and the loggers it represents, Interfor and conservation groups – to plan a park. When asked about the public's right to want to preserve old growths, Interfor's chief forester Rick Slaco says the democratic process was signed and sealed once Clendenning park was created, protecting 30,000 hectares of land.

Slaco sees the recent tree sits as a violation of the integrity of a public treaty. "If people would like to preserve more parks, they should be protesting in Victoria."

Saving half of the oldest old growth groves and clear cutting the rest is like cutting the head off a grizzly and saying you still have a bear.

In fact, B.C. government land use planner Michael Coon admits the general public wasn't invited to take part in the decision making for Clendenning.

Normally, says Coon, government sets up a public meeting inviting the general public into the decision making. "This process wasn't like that," he admitted, saying only stakeholders were invited.

Environmentalists were wary of the park plans from the start. The BC government imposed a 13 per cent cap on protection for the lower mainland, with ten per cent already protected in Garibaldi Provincial Park.

Calling for full protection of the Elaho and 40 per cent protection of the lower mainland, the WCWC along with other major NGOs, backed out of park plans.

"[The park] is all rock and ice. There are very few trees," says Zarelli. "It's totally beautiful land but there's way more that needs protection."

. . .

The entire Stoltmann reserve, including both the Elaho and Lillooet valleys, is an ecological Narnia not only for its old growth trees. It's home to every wilderness-dependent carnivore found in B.C. Besides that, endangered animals such as the northern goshawk, the spotted owl and a rare breed of shrew live in the Elaho. Grizzly bears romp along the upper tract of the valley.

For Interfor Elaho giants are hot commodities. An old Western red cedar can fetch up to $200 per cubic metre in places like Japan, where Interfor sends about 80 per cent of their exports. The Japanese use Canadian yellow cedar to build Shinto Buddhist temples. But they will only buy kiln-dried wood, says Greenpeace analyst Gavin Edwards. And Interfor is one of few forestry companies who still use kilns.

Slaco says the company, whose sales hit $661 million last year, is not guilty of destroying ancient forests. When eyeing the Douglas firs around Lava Creek, they did it right, he says, by hiring UBC ecologist Sharon Hope.

"We put the old trees [in the Douglas fir loop] in reserve," said Slaco, citing as an example a 1065 year-old Douglas fir that did not get the chop. "And we added a buffer zone."

Slaco says that Interfor does variable retention logging in the two cut blocks around Lava Creek, not clear cutting.

Ken Wu laughs when he hears that Interfor calls logging at Lava Creek selective. "There's a tiny strip of trees left between clearcuts which will be blown down by high winds."

Wu says 25 Douglas firs in the 1000-year range have been saved by Interfor, while the rest have been chopped, along with 100 more scattered in the upper valley.

"Saving half of the oldest old growth groves and clear cutting the rest is like cutting the head off a grizzly and saying you still have a bear."

Meanwhile Interfor has renamed the oldest tree in the valley The Interfor Giant, first catalogued and named the Elaho Giant by WCWC researcher James Jamieson.

When asked to comment on her work for Interfor, Sharon Hope says although she has an interest in sustainable logging, she's "ethically bound by the nature of my contract not to comment until Rick Slaco tells me to."

Slaco says the facts have to be set straight. Interfor is saving the best parts of the forests and giving people jobs. He calls the protesters misguided.

"Obviously they believe very strongly in their cause, otherwise they wouldn't be carrying out their antics," he says. "But we can't hold our forests hostage to special interests. If we allow just anyone to react we have chaos. There's an order, a process. We have rules to follow."

. . .

Tensions between Interfor and activists turned bloody last summer when about 100 employees and contractors confronted eight activists camped south of Lava Creek. Sharai Mustatia, 30, was living in the camp in the dry, late summer heat.

It was early in the morning on Sept. 15. Activists were drumming and playing guitars. Mustatia hadn't eaten breakfast yet. She was carving a wolf out of a stick she'd found.

Interfor foreman Derek Sayles came into camp and approached WCWC researcher James Jamieson. He told him 100 angry men in trucks were coming up the road and he couldn't control them.

Mustatia says when the men arrived she stood back from the crowd by herself and started filming. She says she heard them jeering: "'First thing I want is that guitar.

"First thing I want is that drum," said another.

"First thing thing I want is that bitch."

She says she was terrified as the men surrounded her.

"I thought they were going to kill me."

The 5' 4" activist says she was strangled, crushed and hospitalized with bruises on her neck all the way down to her feet.

According to testimonies on the Friends of the Elaho website, while eight people were being dragged away and beaten, loggers collected sleeping bags, cameras and tents into a heaping pile doused with gasoline. By the time they left, three people, Mustatia, Jamieson and Bryce Gilroy-Scott, were on their way to the hospital and the camp was burnt to a crisp.

Greenpeace sent in a videographer to document the assaults. Vancouver filmmaker Daniel Gautreau interviewed those attacked in a eye-opening documentary called Hoods in the Woods, which toured the lower mainland in the spring.

Interfor engineer David Haffey also filmed the assault. However, during a July B.C. Supreme Court hearing he changed his testimony twice before confessing he threw the tape into Lava Creek.

In a journal confiscated by RCMP, Interfor's Derek Sayles called the attack on Sept. 15 ethnic cleansing day for the tree huggers, suggesting that perhaps the assault was not just a random act of violence by aggressive loggers.

When asked if the attack was in any way planned by Interfor, company president Duncan Davies said, "sure as hell not that I know about."

Davies said Sayles is still working for Interfor, but has since been "re-assigned" although he didn't know his new position.

"Be careful about separating the company from the people," he said. "We don't condone violence of any kind."

"Any kind of violence is not something we consider appropriate or acceptable," echoed Slaco. "But you've got to understand it's not comforting [for Interfor employees] sitting and watching someone take your livelihood away."

Interfor issued a press release six days after the attack calling for a "cooling off period."

"We see this confrontation as a symptom of something that is very wrong with the system of land use in this province," said Davies.

Eleven protesters were charged after the attack for defying a BC Supreme Court injunction awarded to Interfor by Justice Parrett after a similar confrontation a month earlier. The injunction created a bubble zone for Interfor's logging and road building operation.

The injunction was overturned in June by Justice Vickers stating that "...the Plaintiffs [International Forest Products Limited, Elaho Logging Ltd. And B .R. Adam Ltd.]" were "not before the court with clean hands."

Five Interfor employees and contractors, Donald Wayne Kulak, Alexander Stephen MacLeod, Leslie Leeroy Zohner, Richard James, and Thomas Loyd were charged with assault by the RCMP after the September clash.

But RCMP charges against Interfor employees have been slow. In a Feb. 7 letter to WCWC, Squamish RCMP legal services said they were "a number of daunting difficulties in charging, or even investigating, a corporation."

The letter went on to say that they "do not feel that an in-depth criminal investigation of

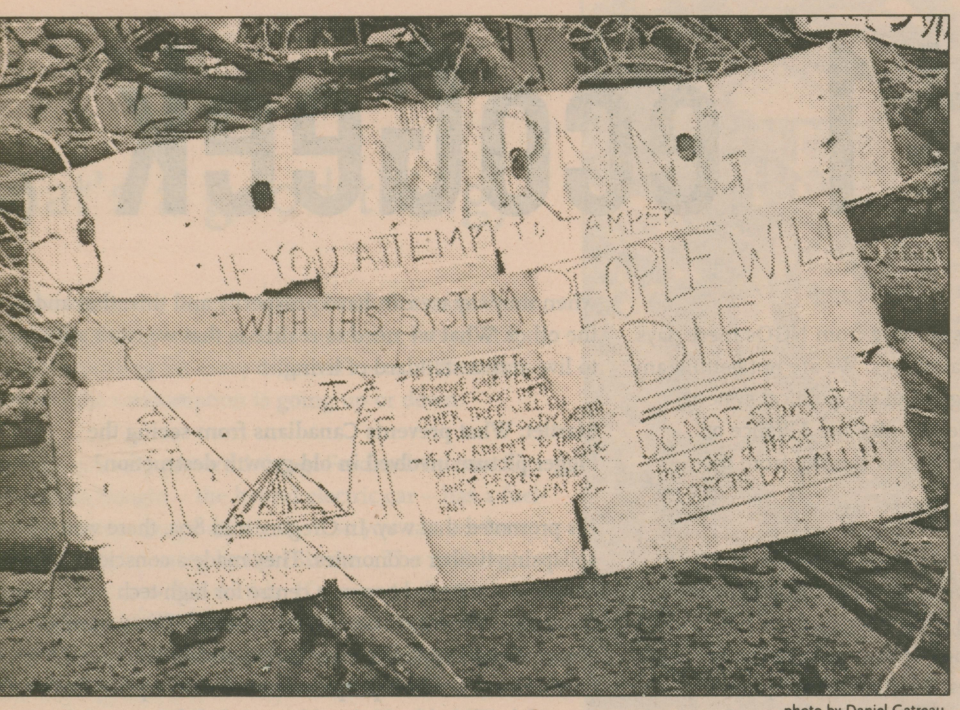


photo by Daniel Gatreau

The sign put up by the tree sitters, explaining how their platforms are suspended from the trees.

International Forest Products is warranted."

The trial dates for the five employees have been set for Dec. 29 in Vancouver.

A larger civil suit filed against Interfor, Elaho Logging, the road construction company BR Adams Ltd., and an on-going list of named employees has been filed by three assault victims hospitalized after the altercation.

. . .

Interfor's business is integral to the strength of the B.C. economy, says Slaco. "Try to convince people in Squamish there should be no sawmill, no logging," he says. "Ninety five percent of our profit goes into salaries, benefits, taxes, good and services, royalties and stumpage. Only about five per cent of profits flow back to the shareholders."

One such shareholder is former Interfor CEO William Sauder, now UBC's chancellor. After several calls, Sauder said he wasn't available for comment on ties between Interfor and the university.

But the ties between Interfor and UBC are no secret. Sections of the the new forestry building at UBC are named after several forestry giants, including Interfor.

Slaco maintains that there's no greater ethical issue involved in logging in the Elaho besides creating jobs and generating revenue.

Forestry along the West Coast employees 1,800 loggers and generates $75 million a year in stumpage fees for the B.C. government. Stumpage fees are provincial taxes paid per tree by companies like Interfor.

While they generate revenue for the province, they also become a tool for government to subsidize the forestry industry, a fact the province denies despite evidence from Greenpeace.

"Stumpage fees are lower than they should be in most places," says Greenpeace analyst Gavin Edwards. "They amount to subsidies to the logging industry."

Edwards says the province is complicit in the unbridled destruction of rainforest by keeping forestry companies afloat through lower stumpage rates during economic slumps in the foreign markets.

. . .

A recent government report called *Environmental Trends in BC* says B.C. Forest Practices Code has been slow to act on its principles. It chastizes the province for a lack of legislation on protecting endangered species, naming both plants and animals Elaho environmentalists are campaigning to protect.

The report makes the earth-shattering declaration that logging in B.C. still poses a risk to our ecosystems, calling for both greener global markets and more sustainable forest practice.

UVic graduate Kristin Lindell wrote her master's thesis on forest policy. After three years of intense analysis, she chose to get out of the forest business all together. "Forest victories for NGOs are few and far between. Government initiatives are slow and incremental and usually fail at protecting B.C.'s ecosystems," says Lindell.

"The close knit relationship between the NDP government and the IWA impedes change, leaving NGOs with an uphill battle."

But there's still hope for resolution in the tense den of B.C.'s rainforests, says Greenpeace spokesperson Miranda Holmes. She points to a new way of making decisions about forest use, bringing industry and conservationists together before any logging or protesting begins.

In the most progressive initiative yet between industry and NGOs, Canfor, Fletcher Challenge Canada, Western Forest Products and Weyerhauser will sit down with the Coastal Rainforest Coalition, Greenpeace, Rainforest Action Network and Sierra Club of B.C. to develop a proposal for managing the Great Bear Rainforest.

Any decisions must satisfy First Nations, labour and local logging contractors and communities, they say.

It's a big step for two groups with a long history of being enemies.

The forestry companies say they will delay harvesting along the Central Coast if environmental groups will stop successful market campaigns aimed at giving companies who sell lumber from the Great Bear Rainforest a bad name.

Market campaigns targeting B.C. forest products by NGOs like Greenpeace have been extremely successful in Europe and the US, where big wood buyers like Ikea and Home Depot stopped lumber sales with companies who harvest in the Great Bear.

It's a matter of long term benefit says Weyerhauser executive Linda Coady. "The conflict between us had reached the point where we felt it had become institutionalized and we were both prepared to push for a breakthrough."

A March news report in the *Vancouver Sun* says Canadian forest companies stand to lose $600 million in annual sales from Germany alone unless Canada can reach an agreement with environmental groups.

Interfor holds the largest license to log in the Great Bear Rainforest, a seven-million hectares stretching from Bute Inlet to the Alaska border.

Just as protests were heating up in the Elaho in June, Interfor bailed from negotiations with NGOs, says Holmes.

"We didn't walk away from negotiations," Slaco says. "Our interest up in that area is more significant than the others. We wanted to have our own voice."

Wu says Interfor left because all conservation groups involved asked for an end to logging in the Elaho - a promise Interfor said it can't afford to keep.

"Interfor can take the same amount of cut elsewhere, such as in the Squamish and Lower Elaho valleys that still have old growth but are not in the proposed national park," says Wu, referring to the proposed protection for the entire Stoltmann area. "They don't for political reasons, to show that they will not bow to environmentalists and also because they want it all."

Regardless of Interfor's decision, the impact of these former rivals coming together could be immense. In a province where the forest industry accounts for 16 per cent of gross domestic product, forestry companies say going green is worth it in the long run.

In Clayoquot Sound harvests were cut by 70 to 80 per cent to end environmental conflict. A similar reduction on the coast has the potential to affect over 4,000 workers in coastal communities and Lower Mainland sawmills, knock $60 million off stumpage revenues and reduce the provincial wood supply by six per cent.

However, $60 million is a garage sale bargain compared to losing millions more in sales to top clients.

With a license governing the biggest chunk of commercial logging in the Great Bear Rainforest and the entire Elaho Valley, Edwards says Interfor may want to decide to get back in the sandbox and learn to how to co-operate.

Costs of logging in the coastal temperate rainforest:

(All prices are per cubic metre of wood, which is roughly the volume of a telephone pole. Costs and market prices fluctuate.)

$138.91 = average market value red cedar in the coastal rainforest
$103.90 = average selling price for a strand of mixed timber in the coastal rainforest
$23.54 = average stumpage rate for the coast
$0.25 = approximate amount of stumpage Interfor will pay for logging in the Surf Inlet on Princess Royal Island in the Great Bear Rainforest this year.

To view Daniel Gautreau's Hoods in the Woods see "http://www.earthstationTV.com"

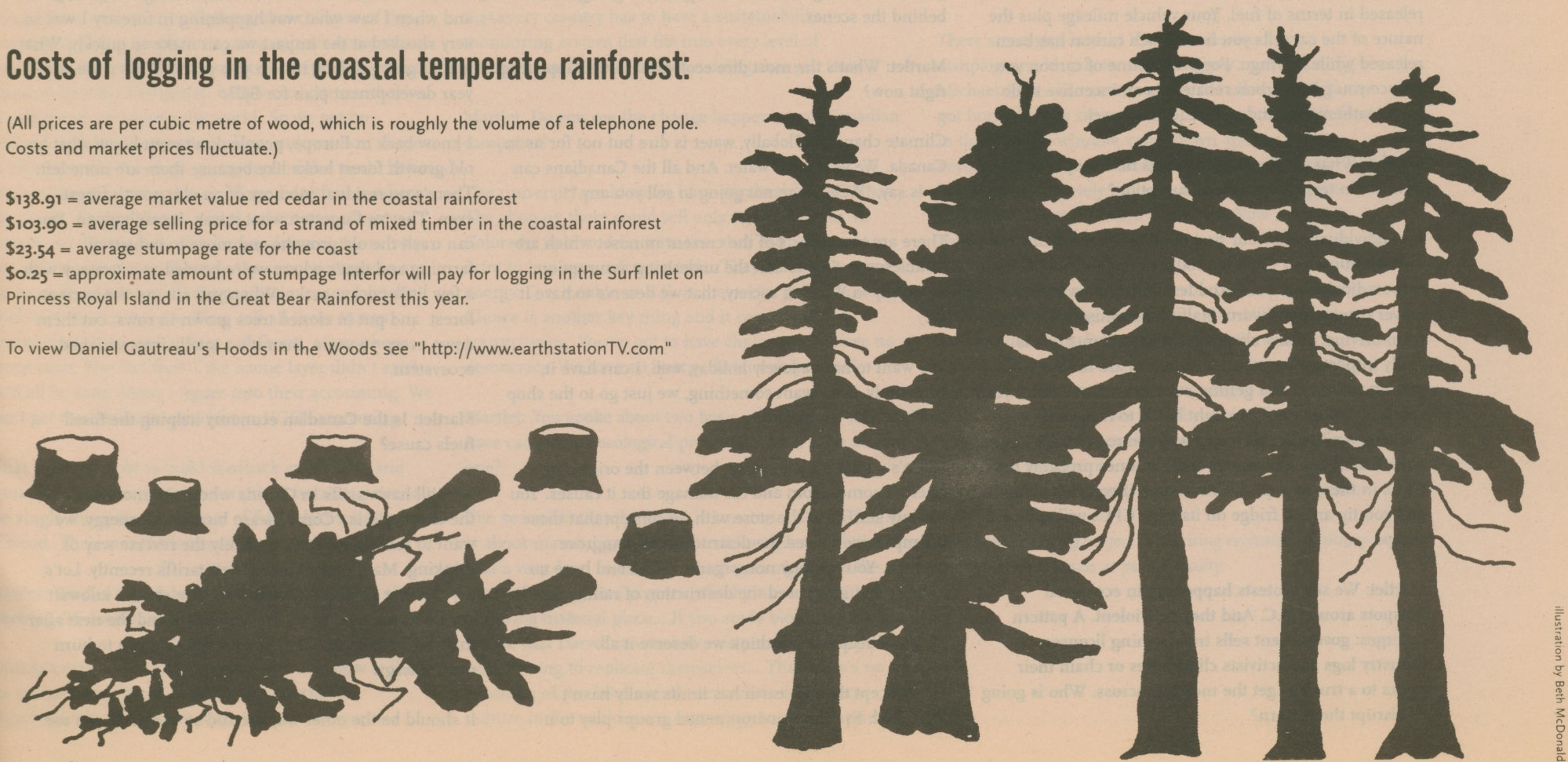


illustration by Beth McDonald

Guy Dauncey:

Victoria's #1 ecoGeek (ar

by Gillian Jerome

Guy Dauncey is a self-employed Victoria writer, activist, consultant and co-founder of *EcoNews*, the Victoria Green Pages, the Victoria Car Share Co-operative, and the Street Volunteers. He's the author of seven books, the most recent entitled *Earth Future: Stories from a Sustainable World* published by New Society Publishers. He's now working on a book called *Stormy Weather:101 Solutions to Global Climate Change*, which offers practical insight on fossil fuel reduction to everyone from national governments to individuals and their families. Dauncey has been hired to build Canada's first eco-village in Tofino.

Martlet: Why should global climate be a concern for the average person?

[My new] book is trying to show that the global climate-change thing is so serious that we need to eliminate 80 per cent of our fossil-fuel burning by 2025. Which is twice as fast as the most radical groups are recommending... In the Arctic, 40 per cent of the ice has melted over the last 30 years. It's been there for over 2 million years. It's an ice sheet that floats on the ocean, two to three metres thick and it's just melting... We can see the impact a lot stronger up there.

Martlet: How can we make the switch from fossil fuels to renewable energy with economic incentives?

There are four realms we've got to address: being more energy efficient, switching to renewable energy, changing methods of forestry and farming, and fourthly there's a packet of stuff to do with switching to lower CO2 fossil fuels and carbon sequestration and phasing out greenhouse gases.

For energy efficiency, the fundamental thing you do is put on a carbon tax on all carbon energy. And I'm reckoning $50 a tonne. The other dilemma around climate change is that ordinary people haven't registered that they can do anything about it. They feel separate from it. So we're proposing a really fundamental thing that every year you do an individual personal carbon assessment like you do a tax return. It's not difficult. Your utility bills spell out how much carbon has been released in terms of fuel. Your vehicle mileage plus the nature of the car tells you have much carbon has been released while driving... For every tonne of carbon you reduce you get a carbon rebate. It's an incentive to do your mathematics and reduce [carbon use].

Martlet: What are the simple things that people can keep in mind in terms of their consumption?

For individual behaviour first of all understand that the average human in Canada produces 17.5 tonnes of carbon dioxide per year. And less in B.C., because our power comes from hydro. Half of the emissions come from driving, so any alternative. For students this is really important because half of them are in love with getting a pick-up and getting out there. It's worth buying efficient appliances from light bulbs to fridges to cookers. An inefficient fridge will use 1000kW per hour. An efficient one will use 400. Older ones probably have CFCs in them as well. Be aware that if you're moving and you tip an old fridge on its side, CFCs will spill and escape.

Martlet: We see protests happening in ecological hotspots around B.C. And they get violent. A pattern emerges: government sells tree-farming licenses, industry logs and activists climb trees or chain their necks to a truck to get the message across. Who is going to disrupt the pattern?

All progressive change is coming from NGOs these days and not from our political parties. We are not getting any progressive ideas coming out of the political system, whether it's the NDP, the Liberals, the Alliance or whatever. All of the leadership is coming from the NGOs.

Until people get organized around any issue, [they] are powerless. It's such a fundamental thing. Where there are no NGOs organizing, the public just sits passively and hasn't got a clear voice. Industry is organized because it has businesses. We have to be equally organized in the NGO movement whether it's for social change or environmental change to counteract the power of business. Now when the government does public process, they're obliged to have the environmental and social view so they invite the NGOs to the table, which didn't happen in the past.

It's totally critical. Not only do they say, "Stop! You can't do this," but they do the lobbying and alternative analysis to show how we can still survive if you [for example] stop the logging in the Elaho.
We've actually gone back to the source of things to the customers. So when Home Depot announced two years ago that they were going to phase out all timber that doesn't come certified forest, the way the newspapers report it is, "Oh, what a good company!" The reality behind the scenes is that the Rainforest Action Network out of San Francisco did two or three years of non-stop campaigning, picketed Home Depot every weekend in one part of America and embarrassed the shit out of them to get them to toss them up against the wall and force them to make this concession. And that story's not told. There's huge activism and pressure going on behind the scenes.

Martlet: What's the most dire ecological issue happening right now?

Climate changes. Globally, water is dire but not for us in Canada. We've got the water. And all the Canadians can do is say, "Well, we're not going to sell you any."

There are two aspects of the current mindset which are troublesome. One is that the underlying assumption, especially in Western society, that we deserve to have it all.

'If I want to have a lovely holiday, well, I can have it.' Ultimately, if we want something, we just go to the shop and buy it.

There's a total disconnection between the origins of where it comes from and the damage that it causes. You can buy shrimp at the store with no concept that those shrimps have caused the destruction of mangrove swamps. You can buy non-organic coffee and have no concept that it's caused the destruction of rainforest.

It's quite deep that we think we deserve it all.

The concept that the earth has limits really hasn't registered. Even the environmental groups play to it when they say we can have prosperity and this, that and the other. What we need to realize is that we can't afford to live at this standard of living.

Martlet: What prevents Canadians from seeing the bigger picture involved in old-growth destruction?

It's promoted that way. In Oregon, mid 80s, there were collapsing timber economies. They made a conscious choice as a state to become a centre for high-tech industries. They used tax rebates, realized if they want to attract those companies, they had to protect the environment because people want to live in a place that's beautiful. They want to be able to go kayaking, canoeing... and they'd rather work in Oregon where they've got all that than move to Alabama where it's been trashed to pieces. So the state has done this huge turnaround. Unemployment is virtually zero now. They've got all sorts of controls, initiatives and way more jobs.

Martlet: Are the States more progressive?

They're not all more progressive. Specifically Oregon, California and Washington State are more progressive. And Vermont and Maryland.

I know back in Europe, people don't even know what an old-growth forest looks like because there are none left.

In the forest industry we haven't hit the wall yet because there's so much forest out there people just aren't aware that we're going to hit the wall.

In the salmon industry we're hitting the wall right now. We're making this disastrous move toward fish farming. I don't think people in B.C. do think we've hit the wall. Business as usual. I came out 10 years ago from England and when I saw what was happening in forestry I was so very shocked at the impact we can make so quickly. What is B.C. going to look like in 500 years? What's the 500-year development plan for BC?

I know back in Europe, people don't even know what an old-growth forest looks like because there are none left. There's no residual memory of an old-growth forest even. They've forgotten what it was. It can happen. You can trash the old growths and move to industrial farming and that's where we're headed as a strategy with a few little pocket parks. When you cut out the ancient forest and put in cloned trees grown in rows, cut them down every 70 years, then it's a totally impoverished ecosystem.

Martlet: Is the Canadian economy helping the fossil fuels cause?

We still have tariffs in Canada where the more you use, the cheaper it is. 'Come please burn more energy, we want to sell it to you.' Completely the reverse way of thinking. Manitoba adjusted their tariffs recently. Let's say the first 10,000 kW hours are five cents a kilowatt per hour, the next 2000 are four cents and the next after that it's three cents. They're encouraging you to burn more energy.

It should be the other way around so the more you use

photo by Miguel McDonald

Guy Dauncey in his garden.

that's a good thing)

ne more expensive it gets, so people think smart. We're oing to be seeing smart metres inside the house. It'll ive you a reading for every different room. It'll show whether your consumption is going up or down.

eedback is a very powerful thing. Feedback in cars. The ew Honda Insight – the hybrid electric car – has a fuel-fficiency metre gauge on the dash so you can see how nuch fuel you're using by the minute... The Saabs are he only other cars that do this. If you go to the Saab sers website you'll see motorists discussing what hey're learning about how to be more efficient when hey drive... You can learn more about fuel efficient driving in two weeks than in 30 years of bad habits ccumulated.

Ve get no feedback from the planet. We measure our rogress by Gross Domestic Product (GDP). With GDP, f you have a row with your husband, set fire to the ouse, get a divorce, crash the car and then blow up the ocal police station, and then go to prison: every one of hose costs is a plus on the nation's GDP. The lawyer's ees, the insurance to buy a new house, a new car, the ost to rebuild the police station. It's all a gain to the economy. We can not separate out what's good and what's bad in the GDP. If we cut down old-growth forests and sell the whole lot, the GDP goes up.

So the alternative comes from an NGO in California alled Redefining Progress, which has done the mathematics, reanalyzed the GDP. They included all costs on the balance sheets. They count ecological assets as capital and not as an income. And they call it the GPI - the Genuine Progress Indicator. Are we making genuine progress or not?

Turns out, 1997 onwards, the GPI has been falling.

Martlet: Anything comparable in Canada?

Canadian government is making noises but no one has picked this up. The new government in Mexico under Vincente Fox announced last week that he's going to put Mexican accounts onto this kind of system.

I want to get back to my point about feedback. As a culture we are getting no feedback on the damage we're doing. We're sailing towards the global collapse of the ecosystems: forest ecosystems, atmospheric ecosystems, coral ecosystems, fisheries ecosystems, river ecosystems, immune system ecosystems, baby's ecosystems, they're all collapsing, all around the world. So we get no feedback. It's like flying an airplane and you don't have an altameter. Or the ships going around the world before they could measure longitude. They didn't know where they were. We don't know where we are as a planet because we don't get feedback, signals coming our way. Part of it is completely down to the economists who are the most dinosauric of all the professions, completely stuck with dead concepts. They call all these things externalities. That's what they call forest, atmosphere, ozone layer. The fact that if the ozone layer didn't exist we'd all be dead doesn't figure into their accounting. We don't get the feedbacks apart from NGOs screaming.

What we have to do is build feedback systems in and actually build them into market prices because price is the single thing we go on, cost of fuel, electricity, the cost of wood. These are the issues that make us decide.

Martlet: We don't even have feedback in the form of labelling GE foods.

Canada's extremely slow. The reason we're slow is that we manufacture it and produce it. Government ministries who control food are the captive agencies of companies. The ministers get 10 lobbyists from the GE companies for every environmental group. And [the Department of International Trade] thinks that its sole purpose in life is to encourage Canadian exports, irrelevant of whether they're good or bad. No one has given them a system of environmental screening. So the big recommendation coming in around the world now is that every country has to have a sustainability monitoring system that fits into every level of government. In Britain they're doing that just now.

Martlet: Do you see the change happening on Canadian campuses?

The university could easily have purchasing guidelines. The shop up there could sell only recycled paper. In Colorado, as a student initiative, they did a vote to pay extra to buy energy from wind... They voted to buy green energy. Our trouble in B.C. is that we're still a monopoly. Choice is another key thing and it comes with restructuring. You've got to have choice or you have no democracy. We have an energy dictatorship in B.C.

Martlet: You spoke about two basic assumptions which have caused our ecological problems. What's the second one?

The second is that the world is a material place. That life is about material gain and material progress and that ties into a very deep cosmology which goes right into the heart of biology and physics [which] say very clearly the world's a material place... If you study biology you'll be taught that Darwinian evolution is purely and only about genes trying to replicate themselves... That there's no meaning of any kind anywhere in evolution. Every culture in the world has a cosmology to do with priests and shamans, every single one of those cosmologies says that life exists after death, that the spiritual realm communicate with other levels of existence whether it's nature or ocean or animals... Scientists are systematically denying the reality of the spiritual realm. This has a really profound impact... On a material level the earth is getting worse.

There's one guy here in Victoria who has been campaigning hugely to stop the gypsy moth spraying. Michael Able... He sent me a fax the other day. After he got home he was sitting in his desk and this moth flew in through the window, came down and sat on his keyboard... He felt the moth was coming in to say thank you. I can completely buy into that. I have complete belief that the moth realm is aware... Now scientists would say that I was loopy.

Every cell has consciousness, evolution is consciousness growing. That's why we have this incredible planet. It's not random at all. Evolution has direction and it's heading toward the unity of consciousness. Instead of the world getting worse... we're going to get over this and carry on because we learn by trial and error. Fundamentally we're making progress. The fact that we care about the environment... We didn't even give a shit about it a 100 years ago, apart from a couple of poets.

Dauncey's next big project is rewriting evolutionary theory to include consciousness as part of reality.

Tubs of tallow and lye:

getting down and dirty with homemade soap

by Christi Howes

It is 11 p.m. and my two kids, my partner and a barn cat are all sound asleep. This is my chance to make soap. A stainless steel stockpot on the kitchen stove holds a concoction of melted vegetable oils. The table tops and counters are strewn with a clutter of measuring cups, wooden spoons, a bag of Quaker oats, pots, spices, thermometers and amber bottles filled with essential oils.

The recipe for tonight's endeavour is a large batch of cinnamon oatmeal soap, which will eventually produce 40 hand carved bars. With rubber gloves protecting my hands I stir a large glass jar of lye solution with a wooden chopstick one last time and reach inside to take the temperature.

Soap making is a craft. It requires precision, practice and patience. When pioneer women made soap from fire ashes, cooking grease and animal fat it was considered an arduous task done only once a year.

Most soap companies still use tallow (rendered beef fat) instead of vegetable oils, as it is inexpensive and less temperamental during the soap making process. The synthetic smell, waxy feel and uniformed shape of these bars are nothing like homemade soap. Like all things handcrafted, homemade soap interacts with us on a unique and personal level. A part of me goes into each bar, from the ingredients and scents chosen to the care spent carving and wrapping it. We seem to have a deeper appreciation for objects made by hand.

The main ingredients used to make vegetable-based soaps are olive oil, palm oil, coconut oil and lye. Lye (sodium hydroxide) is nasty stuff. It's a white flaky powder that is extremely corrosive. Working with lye is the one thing I dislike about making soap. One flake under your fingernail can burn through several layers of skin and cause the area to be tender for days. The thought of my children coming in contact with it is the reason I make soap at night.

The lye flakes are mixed with distilled water in a large glass jar. This causes a chemical reaction to occur which heats the solution up to 200F (94C). While the lye cools, the palm, coconut and olive oils are melted in a stockpot on the stove and then set aside. When the oils and lye have both cooled to a particular temperature the lye can be drizzled into the oils. As they are stirred together the soap mixture gradually begins to thicken. Once you can trace an image on the surface of the soap it is ready to be poured into molds.

Ground oats, honey, goat milk, essential oils, spices and herbs can be added to your basic soap recipe to enrich and personalize it. There are endless combinations of ingredients and scents to be experimented with. Some personal favourites are lavender rose, oatmeal and honey, peppermint poppy-seed and cinnamon cocoa butter.

Dresser drawers or a homemade plywood frame measuring are effective soap trays. Line the trays with wax paper in order to lift the entire block of soap from the frame easily once it has begun to harden. The block will produce approximately 40 chunky bars of soap after it is carved.

Like the pioneer women before me I only make soap once a year. At the end of August, before school starts I make four, 40 bar batches in two weeks. The soap takes six to eight weeks to fully cure and additional time to carve, wrap and label. By November it's ready. All our relatives receive soap for Christmas and there's usually enough left over to sell at a Christmas craft fair, which helps to recoup some of the high expense of making soap.

For me the allure of homemade soap is in its natural wholesome appearance, subtle smell, smooth creamy lather and pure practicality. Everyone uses soap and nearly everyone who knows me has been given some at one time or another. Once I even gave some to the guy who came and fixed my washing machine.

Books:

Soap Making it Enjoying it by Ann Bramson (tallow-based soap recipes)

The Natural Soap Book by Susan Miller Cavitch (vegetable-based soap recipes)

Basic Ingredients and supplies you will need and where to find them:

- **Pomace Olive oil** - 3-litre tins are available at most major supermarkets.
- **Palm oil and Coconut oil** - 5-gallon tubs are available through Liberty Natural Products Inc. in Portland Oregon. Smaller amounts can be obtained at Borden and Mercantile (a local animal feed store).
- **Lye** - Borden and Mercantile.
- Essential oil - local health food stores.
- **Kitchen Scale** - Thrift stores (Look for one that measures in pounds and ounces).
- **2 quick-read Thermometers** - restaurant equipment supply shops and store specializing in coffee paraphernalia. (Check that the thermometers have two-degree increments and have a range of 0-220%F or 18-104%C).
- Wax paper - supermarket.

Ode to Soap

by Carla Funk

The slithery lather of you, suds
blossoming on my skin, peach nectar, bluebells,
green apple, the sting of lemon. Your scent
clings behind my earlobes, melts down my neck, bubbles
over my shoulders.

Elusive strawberry fish, you hide
under thighs from hands that massage your sweet balm
into flesh. You who smell of satsumas unpeeling,
gardenias foaming at the petals, water lilies washing
themselves in a bath of their own perfume.

Women
are drawn into rivers by your magic, their fingers
rubbing cloth against wet rock, rhythmic
as musicians welling up the sway of a waltz, the swish
and swill of you washed with the current.
I smell you everywhere.

In my grandmother's pantry, tubs of tallow and lye
pressed smooth by her hands. In bath shops
gleaming under wrap like glossed stones.
In the bedsheets my mother pins on the line,
the freshness of you filling the wind.

Floating moon
in a candlelit bath, you bring my husband
to bed tasting of musk and sandalwood.
You leave your scent in my baby's hair,
snowy blessings on her newborn skin.
I turn you over and over
in my palms, ritual cleansing of my body,
your slippery kisses on my skin.

Carla Funk teaches in UVic's writing department. This poem was published in Breathing Fire, *edited by Lorna Crozier and Patrick Lane.*

Herbs and nutrients to get you through the semester

by Christi Howes

Energy Boosters	Forms	Dosage
Siberian Ginseng	Capsule	Daily
Licorice	Tea, capsule or solid extract	Daily
B Vitamin Complex		1 per day, 50-100mg
Preventing Colds and Flus:		
Vitamin C		1-2 per day, 1-2000mg
Multi Vitamin		1 per day
Water (more if you drink a lot of coffee)		6-8 cups daily
Treating Colds and Flus:		
Echinacea	Tincture	At the first signs of illness take 1 dropper full every 11/2 hours for 2 days. If needed, continue 1 dropper full every 3 hrs. for 2 more days.
Vitamin C		3-5000 mg. per day
Hot Teas containing: Licorice, Peppermint and Elderberry	Dried Herb	4-5 cups per day Steep 1 tsp. herb in 1 cup hot water
Increase Brain Function:		
Gingko Biloba	Capsule	As indicated on label
Vitamin E	Capsule	400 iu per day

Late night studying, too much coffee and the stress of an impending paper or exam can affect the strength of our immune systems. Prevention is the key to keeping our bodies strong. Alternative medicines such as herbs and nutritional supplements, when used correctly can safely help when stress is high nd colds and flus abound.

"Herbs will preserve your ability to keep going," says Dr. Maria Payne Boorman, a local naturopathic physician. Herbs, unlike most pharmaceutical drugs, strengthen the body as well as treat symptoms once an illness has begun. In contrast, the majority of pharmaceutical drugs only treat symptoms. "Herbs facilitate the body's own natural healing mechanisms as opposed to manipulating or suppressing symptoms," says Payne Boorman.

Taking herbs is empowering. The gentle nature of herbs allows students to take charge and become active participants in maintaining optimum health and fighting illness. When choosing a product it is important to use a reputable brand name. Some higher quality brand names are Quest, Sisu or Nulife. An exception can be made when buying Vitamin C – any brand will do but avoid time-released capsules.

The herbs and nutrients recommended to maintain energy levels (Energy Boosters) are most effective when taken in the morning. It's important to drink a lot of water, especially if you consume a lot of coffee. Water acts as a tonic that prevents toxins from building up and weakening the immune system.

Stop taking supplements if you notice any adverse side effects. "If you are taking a herb to treat an illness and after two days there are no signs of improvement see a physician or a naturopath. The most common side effects would be gastrointestinal upset or skin rashes," says Payne Boorman.

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Urban gardening: A revolutonary act

by Bobby Arbess

The corner of Camosun St. and Balmoral Ave., just up from Vic High, hears the roar of skateboards 24 hours a day. Mailboxes are pushed over. Green towers of kale, sunflowers, medicinal herbaceous bushes flower profusely and a mess of wildflowers, riot at the interface between the sidewalk and my garden. Like long probing fingers, squash vines defying linear boundaries, twist and wind their way through the dumpstered plastic fence a friend and I put up. A PVC greenhouse (built for less than $150 my brother lent me the money to make) is a den of fecundity for gargantuan tomato plants, melons and cucumbers.

Last August when I moved in, there was nothing here but the usual depressing lawn. I told the grey-haired woman who showed me the place that I could take it only if I could convert the 800 sq. foot lawn, visible from the street, into a garden. It's my lawn reform crusade, a healthy obsession I have with turning the ubiquitous lawn, wherever practical, into life-giving spaces.

Thankfully, my landlady obliged. I moved in and with a little help from my friends, I hauled whatever organic matter I could for four months and piled it up it in alternating layers of carbon-rich materials (dried leaves, spoiled hay, stalks) and nitrogen-rich materials (soybean husks from the tofu factory, grass clippings, grocery store, restaurant and kitchen scraps, manure, finished compost) where I wanted my beds.

This permaculture method known as sheet mulching imitates the natural process of building the soil. It's a good thing to do in the city where the topsoil has been degraded by decades of abuse. The once rich topsoils of Fernwood were stripped by Fort Victoria to fill the Inner Harbour, where the Empress is built.

Building fertile topsoil by diverting valuable organic waste from the landfill is solving two problems at once. Instead of digging and removing the sod and all the microorganism and earthworms that hang out in the root systems of our lawns, sheet mulching feeds the ground and fattens them earthworms who work tirelessly to break down the sod as they tunnel through it bringing fresh new supplies of organic material down with them. A few months and all those layers of stuff decompose into rich soil ready to grow whatever you want to grow.

Every month, in the lifecycle of plants, there's something that needs doing. It's August and I'm collecting the seeds of the Green Wave Mustard whose hot-tasting, large ruffly leaves kept away winter's colds. They were outstanding plants and so I pulled up any other members of the brassica family that were putting out their yellow flowers around the same time, so they wouldn't cross-pollinate. I decided to save the seeds that formed and dried in the long days of sun we're lucky to be getting these days. I got them out of the garden just before a spell of rain which could have made them sprout prematurely. Seed saving is a practice as old as agriculture - the way of ensuring a sustainable harvest year after year.

photo by Bobby Arbess

Bobby's garden – a work-in-progress – sheet mulch in February.

Many people think of farms as muddy, smelly places on the outskirts of town, where folks we don't know grow our food. The disappointing truth is that most of the food we eat is shipped an average of 1,500 kilometres by the time it gets to us. A big part of the impetus behind the genetic modification of our food is to increase the length of storage and distances food can be shipped, allowing transnational corporations to expand their markets and profits. A very small percentage of our food is grown or raised locally. This makes no sense, especially since southern Vancouver Island has a maritime climate with mild winters that allow for the production of all sorts of overwintering crops. The nutrient-rich soils of the Saanich Peninsula are used primarily for hobby farms that are more for hobby than they are for farm. Allocating more space in our cities for the production of food that will be eaten locally provides numerous benefits in terms of community development.

Urban agriculture improves people's nutrition, converts sterile vacant lots or wasteful lawns or even blacktop into biologically productive, beautiful thriving gardens that provide food and herbs as well as habitat for beneficial insects and an intricate web of other creatures. It reduces dependency on systems of high fossil fuel combustion and fosters a spiritually nourishing sense of reconnection with the living earth right in the city.

Gardening is a way of reclaiming lost knowledge of food-growing and seed-saving, an integral part of the lives of many of our ancestors just a few generations back. As gardeners, we connect with our food-growing traditions, and restore the earth where it's needed. We cultivate self-sufficiency and our autonomy from corporate domination. We reclaim the ancient art of subsistence. I try to think that planting and looking after my garden is a revolutionary act. For those of us getting by on a low-income, for single mothers and people without steady paid work or those with a disability, a food garden could be the decisive factor between nutrition and malnutrition.

I look forward to a growing movement of tenant farmers in our urban neighbourhoods, turning more useless lawns into sources of fresh, delicious, organically grown food, flowers, herbs and native vegetation. The ladybugs and bees will rejoice in the oasis of life we've created. They do in my garden. As do the streams of folks who come by to nibble or just marvel at what's growing where only a year ago there was sterile diddly squat.

For copies of Beneath the Concrete: a DIY Farming Zine compiled by Sascha Scatter call 598-0797.

Dirt, water and sunshine

by bren simmers

A tiny seed lays in my palm. In it I hear a whisper. A coil, ready to spring when I plant it. Dirt, water and sunshine. It's that easy. To know that I too, have periods of rest and growth, and am nourished by the same things as this seed. That energy, unlike electricity, moves in circles, in cycles.

Lady's mantle. Monkshood. Bluebeard. Sounds I repeat in my mouth. Common names for flowers in my garden. To hell with Latin. Give me gayfeather, larkspur, bear's breeches. Names truer to the plant, how it is seen and identified. Windflower. Pussytoes. Milkweed.

In the spring I made a new bed by the trash cans. A forest of sunflowers, sweet peas and snapdragons. Each week I check the new growth, make concoctions of Woolite and water to spray on aphids. I don't like to use chemicals. I encourage ladybugs, cheer loudly when I see their red spotted bodies humping on a hollyhock leaf, eagerly await the orange eggs on the undersides of leaves.

Gardening is all about mind set. Watering can be a chore, done daily after work, or it can be a meditation. Sometimes, it is both. Harvesting a handful of peas, shallots and basil for dinner, I remember why I garden. The fresh taste full of energy, energy you stored there in caretaking, now returning to your body. I love picking fresh herbs from outside my door, instead running to the supermarket for produce already a week old.

As a child, I used to fall asleep in between rows of corn, tired from the day's play. There were carrots and radishes to munch on, while we helped my father move slugs to the curb, or steal worms from the neighbour's flower bed. Somewhere between eight and 18 I forgot what food looked like, and was surprised to see broccoli form a stout hedge, brussel sprouts a small tree, and tall silvery artichokes left to flower bright purple, alongside frames of beans, scarlet runner, dragon tongue, and Kentucky blue.

Gardening fights against alienation in a rapidly citified environment. When else is your neighbour out in their yard so you can meet them, exchange clumps of divided perennials? I love walking through community gardens, each plot different. It fills me with delight, possibility, to see imagined creative space come into fruition.

Each spring I dig up another patch of lawn, plant seeds and wait.

take photos...write stories...draw pictures...copy edit...get coffee...do distribution...take photos...write stories...draw pictures...copy edit...get coffee...do distribution...take photos...write stories...draw pictures...copy edit...get coffee...do distribution...take photos...write stories...draw pictures...copy edit...get coffee...do distribution...take photos...write stories...draw pictures...copy edit...get coffee...do distribution...

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Writing on the Wild: Notes on exposing the fleeting moments and avoiding the provincial parks

by Darren Bifford

My first encounter with wildness was from my perch behind the rusty hide-a-way window of my parent's camping trailer driving over the rough and narrow back roads of the Okanagan Valley years ago.

These were the days when my family attempted to be a family by going fishing with other families attempting to do the same.

And whatever the success of these forced and tense adventures, they marked the first departures from my suburban beginnings to some unkept space outside of it: this was the idea of the wilderness, the campground, fishing lakes and fire pits, packing up and leaving town, burning our shoes in the coals and breaking our fishing rods.

I had thought as a kid that it was somehow the places we were to go, the unfamiliar away from home, that wherever-the-hell this bloody road would stop, some wild secret would be found.

I now think that wildness has very little to do with leaving. If it was present anywhere on these early family road trips, it was lurking, not in where we went to, but with the anticipation, the desire to be not at home.

The wild has little to do with camping trips and flights into the wilderness.

Wildness is tied to how human beings live in the world and with each other, rather than with some idea of the world itself. Wildness is a quality given in relationship we have with what is other than ourselves.

It need not be dirty. The wild is not something to lay hold of, nor is it a place to be found. It exists with human beings in any and every place human beings go about the business of living.

The word wildness itself has become a cliché beaten down along the well-worn tracks of the provincial parks of the mind.

I think of men's groups who rent a couple of plots in an out-of-the-way campground for the weekend. They give themselves totem names of wild Native American beasts and tie their ties and belts around their heads and hum and drum their way around the fire pit.

I imagine the serious necessity with which these gatherings are approached. Weeks in advance the preparations begin: the money for the all important weekend paid in advance. The old jeans are brought out. Swiss army knives are purchased and toilet paper packed secretly in the bottoms of the backpacks.

Wildness, like a lost dog or a lost dream to be retrieved. Wildness, placed exactly where it is that we are not; and it is expected that, if only the right methods are followed, and the right places found, that we will at last recover the hairy diamond inside of our forgotten hearts.

In Iron John, Robert Bly describes wildness and the wild man as a hairy, smelly, forgotten beast living at the bottom of a muddy pond. We are to throw him our magic ball and retrieve the wild in us. (Mental note: don't shave or shower. Get a ball).

These are attempts at wildness – imitations rather than wildness itself. How quickly wildness becomes a provincial park! We put it in a box and mark it as what is foreign. We assign it a place and a time – we give it a form, and belittle it with expectations of its arrival. We would swallow it if it were a pill.

Wildness begins and lives somewhere between ourselves and the world. The pores through which it breathes are found in relationship.

But provincial parks, being what they are, have little to do with relationship. They are spaces of over-used land – just as clichés are spaces of over-used mind – that have become lonely and false. They are without desire. Above all, I would like to stress their dishonesty – the refusal to see themselves as they are.

Wildness, then, has something to do with honesty: honesty as an experience rather than a moral prescription.

Honesty is a way of laying oneself bare to the world. It is a primary form of relationship.

I think wildness is a kind of exposure of the world in the space of which a human experience can lay bare. By exposure, I mean something like being exposed to the elements, to a foreign terrain. Exposure calls human fragility into the light. It is what happens when we step outside of the protected places we've cultivated for our living and necessities. In exposure, we come into clear relationship.

And that wildness is the exposure of the world means, quite simply, that it is nothing we can enact on our own. A wild man does not dress in a wild man's clothes, and climb trees on occasion. It is not all spit and venom.

And so the chanting and the drumming, all our renamings of ourselves, the camping and forever-long road trips – these are all secondary to wildness itself. Like the series of Zen sketches called *The Ten Bulls*: when we begin looking for the bull, we have already gone wrong. (But, paradoxically, we cannot not look: again, desire.)

I come to wildness in the strangest places: take the library just before it closes.

The books give off the scent of human imprints. Lives lived and gone, but some measure of eros still remaining, vital things always there without expectation.

Wild: the quick and quiet moments.

Not a goal or refutation of the world, but a species of things in it that are most often missed.

Rilke, a man who spoke well of wild things, and who spent years in patient faithfulness learning to sense them, sums up what I have been trying to say with more success. He writes, in one of his letters to Franz Kappus: "If your daily life seems poor, do not blame it; blame yourself, tell yourself that you are not poet enough to call forth its riches."

I now think that wildness has very little to do with leaving. If it was present anywhere on these early family road trips, it was lurking, not in where we went to, but with the anticipation, the desire to be not at home.

Family Road Trip from Hell: Surviving a family reunion in Alberta

by Craig Battle

Whoever said "Getting there is half the fun " has obviously never traveled from B.C. to Alberta for a family reunion under time constraints.

Driving 'round the Prairies (note the drawl), is the real good time. There's just something about the long, straight stretches of highway. You hop in the car, hit the road and suddenly you're Jack Kerouac.

In any case, the great family adventure began on a Thursday morning in June.

The plan was simple. Visit with various family members Thursday and Friday. Attend Great Grandmother's 98th birthday and family reunion festivities on Saturday. Then I would be free to fly home Sunday.

So we buckled up and Dad pointed two fingers straight ahead. It was six o'clock and there was nothing between the reunion and us but the Rockies – we were off.

The 12 hours from Vancouver to Cochrane went off without much event. Not like the time I was nine and some United moving truck came barreling from the hills and nearly hip-checked our Sentra off a bridge.

No, this trip was tame. Dad drove the whole thousand kilometers. Sue, my stepmom, sang along to Celine Dion. I ate a couple Sausage McMuffins in Chilliwack and felt sick all the way there.

We heard a little "Sexual Healing" as we passed the Enchanted Forest in Revelstoke, though, and I got creative.

In my organizer I scrawled, "Heard some Marvin Gaye on the mountain. Me and Marvin, on the night shift to Calgary." That and "Welcome to Wild Rose Country – marking the territory, marring the scenery."

Needless to say, I was on. I credit the landscape.

We rolled up to our first stop and sleeping arrangements, my cousins' rancher in Cochrane, just after six.

We were too late for supper, but just in time to hear my grandpa talk about the skyrocketing gas prices – up above 70 cents in Revelstoke. Criminal. Just criminal.

"Yes, criminal," added my grandma.

My cousin Debbie reheated some roast beef and potatoes for Dad, Sue and I, and we all played Mad Rummy. I came in last, and then went to sleep on an air mattress in the living room.

The next morning, the three of us continued on to my Auntie Cherrone's in Lacombe. Cherrone lives on a pristine cattle ranch, with brand new silos and a raked gravel driveway.

From there, I was off to Edmonton to pick up my brother.

I buzzed up just after 3 p.m. Chris answered the door in his boxers, smoking a cigarette and wiping the sleep from his eyes. He had four pizza boxes sitting in the middle of the living room floor and told me to eat up.

Three hours, a pack of smokes and a couple beers later, we were back on the road.

While the two of us rolled along Highway 2 talking about small-town life, Chris suddenly started yelling, "Farmer's daughters, Craig! Farmer's Daughters!"

You'll never hear the terms "Farmer's daughters" or "Tight mitt" so often as you will on a prairie trek with my brother.

I think Kerouac would approve. We were on the road and nothing mattered.

We all woke up late on Saturday morning, ate breakfast at a greasy buffet, and hit the road with one hour to make the reunion.

Chris and I hadn' t showered, none of us had bought a birthday card for great-grandma, and we were still 100 km away from Drumheller. In my Dad's words, we needed to pull the lead out.

My dad and stepmom piled into the back, I put the key in the ignition, and Chris just sat back, threw a little Limp Bizkit in the stereo and told me to punch it.

Chris and I stared out the window and watched the miles of farm land and the grain elevators and the old guys on tractors, while my dad and Sue talked amongst themselves and tried not to look at the speedometer shot up to 160 kms the whole way.

We chased the yellow line for 100 kilometres, and never caught the end of it.

Overall, the trip took us a mere 35

minutes. We arrived at our first stop, my great grandma' s nursing home, just a few minutes late.

The staff had wheeled my great grandma onto the lawn so people could line up and yell "Happy Birthday" at her and watch the mosquitoes feast on her 98-year-old skin.

We left early and hit a sports bar in downtown Drum. We played pool as my three companions tossed back about four pitchers of Canadian between them. I drank a watermelon Slurpee and lost repeatedly.

I made Chris a bet that he couldn't approach a table of women in the corner, and I lost that too. He wandered over and asked them where the party was at, but they didn't know. They were just passing through.

We left to find the campsite where the family was reuniting without us, but quickly found ourselves lost. We found Nacmine but no reunion. I searched in vain while the three musketeers cracked beers and pointed us in the wrong direction.

We eventually found it, well on the other side of Nacmine, at the end of an inconspicuous, pothole-riddled road. The campsite was exactly like I'd pictured – a large hall, an old baseball diamond and plenty of parking.

After cold cuts and potato salad, the night went off without much event. The old people went to bed early, the young pleaded to stay up, and everyone in between drank enough to forget they were related.

Chris convinced my cousin Nick to come to the dark side and they got me to drive them back to the sports bar in Drum. They met some girls, found a party and slept in the car – either I left the door unlocked or Chris knows how to break into a car. Neither would surprise me.

The next morning, we dropped Nick back at the campsite and headed for the Calgary airport, taking a slight detour through Delia (pop. 300), my Dad's hometown.

We stopped for lunch at Luke's Diner, and I became fascinated by an attractive, young, slow-moving couple, who sat and ate a late breakfast beside us. I wanted to go ask them what they did for fun, but took a cue from my Chris' s venture of the day before and stayed seated.

I had come to a conclusion: in the land of grain elevators and old-fashioned gas stations, it doesn't matter where you live, you are always passing through.

wild letters

Bamboo in the Earth

by Alcvin Ramos

Spring in Japan is in full bloom and the moisture in the air increases with every breath. Soon, the monsoon season will be upon us followed by the deep heat of Japanese summer. On this particular path, I witness the changes of strata. I am disintegration, falling away from the moving points of time and space. Wanting the light beyond the mirror, the silence in the sound, I subdue my conscious mind and reach under to explore the depths of the maker, and see the emptiness in the form.

The flow is good today. Waiting for the bus again to Kyoto, the old capital, in the new capital, Tokyo, Japan, city, country, of wonders and wierdness. An old, destitute man wakes up from a brief nap by the wall and pulls down his pants to reveal stains of our mind.

Behind all the hurt and all the waste is beauty. The urge to blow the bamboo is always there but the timing is not. In this even flow, sensing the connections of energy points in this web of illusion. Infinity. Which is eternal, illusion or Reality? Everything is alive, alive with energy.

Watching the mass of people pass the earth woman walks up. My wife is with me now visiting from Vancouver. It is good to be with her again. It's been six months since I last saw her. Shakuhachi studies are going wonderfully well. I rather enjoy teaching English to Japanese businessmen but I'd rather put more time into shakuhachi.

I'm giving free basic shakuhachi lessons to people at the community centre near my house. People from all over the world come and take lessons with me or just sample the instrument. It's really fun and interesting. In June, I'll be playing with a few music groups in some clubs in Tokyo.

Whenever I get the time I go busking in the parks or in front of train stations. It's good practice. I busked at Ueno Park during the hanami (cherry blossom viewing) weekend and made a good amount of cash before I was kicked out of the park both times by the authorities since I was making too much money.

They threatened to take me to jail the second time, so I put on my best gaijin accent and said, "Sumimasen, Nihonjin wa tabemasen" (Sorry, I don't eat Japanese people). With an irritated but puzzled look, they let me go home.

Near the entrance of the station a slight breeze blows, pushing the city smoke away from me. A station cleaning crew dressed in blue and green pastel uniforms gets ready with buckets and squeegees to clean the station door windows. Monday night, May 1, first day of the Golden Week in Japan, I'm taking the overnight bus to the old capital again to learn the art of shakuhachi making from my teacher.

They threatened to take me to jail the second time, so I put on my best gaijin accent and said, "Sumimasen, Nihonjin wa tabemasen" (Sorry, I don't eat Japanese people). With an irritated but puzzled look, they let me go home.

We arrived once again in magical Kyoto, a city built on feng shui principles. But the crimson bird is dead, so the city is suffering. Waking from a pleasant sleep on the bus we take the taxi to Higashiyama Dori and walk the rest of the way to Hoshi-sensei's house, a beautiful old Japanese house nestled in a cluster of other old houses at the foot of a hill. Around the house is a very aged looking garden with a large stone lamp emerging from the moss and ferns. It's six am and we ring the doorbell and wake him up. We hear him rustle and rush down the stairs to greet us with disheveled hair and half open eyes. He hugs us and smiles and we tell him to go back to bed.

Sandra and I take a walk in the early morning to visit Meian-ji and Tofuku-ji, where we have a breakfast of pasteries from the convenience store and tea from the vending machine. In front of the main Buddha hall, a woman practices Tai Chi in the light of early morning. Beautiful form.

This time with Hoshi-sensei, I delve deeper into making shakuhachi. I learned how to choose a good piece of bamboo, where the front and back are, how to place the holes, and how to fashion the root end, as well as the various tools used in constructing a shakuhachi in the tradition of Tamae Chikusen, Hoshi's teacher.

In life there is serendipity everywhere. We just have to be sensitive to the signs.

Sandra's passion is the artistic creation of earthen, functional vessels (particularly of the Japanese wood-fired type called 'yaki-mono' in Japanese), and mine is the Japanese bamboo flute called shakuhachi and these two share a harmonious relationship in my life as exemplified by our trip to the Kansai this time around.

During our Golden Week in Kyoto, we spent a day in Shiga-raki, where Kanzaki lives. Before calling to tell him we were in town, we walked around town to check out the pottery festival that was happening on that day.

In the train station there was a pottery gallery and one of the pieces was a ceramic cat dressed in a kimono playing a shakuhachi, and on the shelf above it was a real bamboo shakuhachi! I knew these were good signs and turned up my synchronicity knob up more notches. As we walked down the street examining the various studios and galleries, I came across another shakuhachi, but this one was made of clay.

Unplayable, but I was surprised at the uncanniness of these shakuhachi/yaki-mono (pottery) signals. It was to culminate when we visited the home of Kanzaki Shiho. We were met at the station by one of his apprentices, named Ozeki, who stuck us immediately as one with great character and manners. He bowed and apologized for being late and brought us to the car where he took us to Kanzaki-san's place in the hills not too far from the station.

photo provided

Kanzaki-san was waiting outside his beautiful Japanese-style home which he designed himself, and escorted us into his main hall which was like a kind of gallery. All around the wide spaces of his home were displayed some of the most beautiful, moving yaki-mono art pieces I've ever seen. He had us sit around the beautiful farmhouse-style double hearth which was shaped in a figure eight made of the bi-sected trunks of trees and polished to a fine sheen and lacquered. From the high ceiling made of rough-hewn timbers, above the hearth, hung a wooden pole-like device with carving of fish on it, and hanging from it was a pot, suspended over the hearth.

The snowy ash in the pit was freshly filled and Kanzaki took fresh pieces of bamboo coals and put them in the middle of the still-burning hearth to symbolize the newness of our prescence. From there we had a long talk getting to know each other and becoming friends. It was then that the climax of the synchronicity revealed itself when Kanzaki-san said he played shakuhachi and even made his own in the past. He brought them out and I played the raw-bored bamboos which were quite nicely made for someone who never took lessons in shakuhachi playing or making.

I was moved by his openness and kindness in spending time with us. We were very surprised and grateful for what we experienced that day. Back in Tokyo, I get ready to study biwa and settle down to studying with only Kakizakai sensei, since he lives closer to me. I'm too busy with work now to study with Furuya-sensei. I visited one of Watazumi-do's disciples, an old Zen monk who manages the Ten-gen-ji temple in Tokyo. I look forward to spending more time with him.

Sandra's last day in Japan (May 29) was again an amazing manifestation of our passions intertwined as we spent the day in the hills of Saitama Prefecture discovering hidden treasures... and observing in awe the bamboo in the earth.

Alcvin Ramos lives in Vancouver and is currently learning the artistry of shakuhachi making in Japan.

Scenes from the Slocan Valley

by Mark Stoddart

I turn the tap for my first glass of water of the day. The water comes directly from Christian Creek, without filtration or chlorine – a gift from the snow-capped Selkirk Mountains and the healthy forests which rise up behind my home.

The West Kootenay region, which encompasses the Slocan Valley, is one of the world's only interior temperate rainforests. It's also the region with the greatest tree-species diversity west of the Rockies in Canada.

In a short walk on this land I encounter birch, larch, lodgepole pine, white pine, ponderosa pine, Douglas fir, aspen, cedar, hemlock, and yew. If I hiked up the mountain towards Mt. Hoover, I would pass through the homes of such threatened species as wolverine and grizzly bear.

The Slocan Valley is the original home of the Sinixt Nation, who have been officially declared "extinct" by the federal government, but who continue to fight for recognition. Slocan's immigrant communities include Doukhabor farmers, Japanese internees and American draft-dodgers.

Most recently, young people have come to the Slocan Valley seeking community and a deeper connection to the earth. Two years ago, I moved from Vancouver to the Slocan as part of this migration.

While the Slocan Valley retains its wild heart, it's being logged by Slocan Forest Products (SFP), the second largest de-forestation company in B.C.

They have made their fortune from the devastation of the side-valleys residents and tourists can't see. Now that they're running out of timber in those less-contentious areas, they're moving into the domestic watersheds of the main valley.

New Denver Flats, Bonanza Creek, Perry's Ridge, Red Mountain (Hasty Creek) and EACT (Elliot-Anderson-Christian-Trozzo) have all been battlegrounds between the local community and the forestry company.

As I write this, SFP are building a road into the Trozzo Creek watershed. Not only is Trozzo Creek a domestic watershed, it has also been identified as an important wildlife corridor. A couple of days ago, SFP started road-building in the Elliot-Anderson watershed.

The Elliot-Anderson-Christian-Trozzo Water Users' Committee (EACT) has been fighting for these watersheds for 20 years. Despite a survey which shows 90 per cent local opposition to industrial logging in watersheds, this fight continues.

Activists are using blockades, direct action, street theatre and petitions to try to halt the destruction.

I did a tree sit in July at Trozzo Creek. This action slowed logging work for three days, with two good days of media coverage.

The struggle to protect the EACT watershed continues every day.

SFP intends to continue road-building through the fall with plans to begin logging in Trozzo Creek this winter. Waterways Village is a place for people to stay and be fed while they help out.

Postscript, July 12, 2000: I've been home for almost a week. The tree that I sat in is almost certainly dead now. While I recognize this in an intellectual way, it has not really hit me emotionally yet. My short three days in the sit has changed me. I feel more observant as I walk through the forest, more alert to the mortality which waits for each tree.

The tree-sit was quite successful as a media action. Two good days of coverage. While the action slowed down SFP, maybe cost them a bit of money, it certainly did not stop them. When we plan actions we generally think of these two goals: media and prevention. However, there is a third level to this type of action: the personal. To go to the heart of destruction and bear witness is important. It is transformative.

The question now is: what next? I don't know the answer to this.

The forest is being killed. I have mourned it, intensely, for three days.

I continue to mourn it every time I look up at the mountainside above my home.

Better buys than textbooks

In Search of Our Future Nation
Myrna Kostash
McClelland & Stewart Inc.

by Brad Buie

"Oh, Canada." Is this an "Oh" as in "Oh no, what have we become?" or is it still a word of reverence to a name that has rooted meaning for us?

Perhaps this is a question that stays in the background of the everyday meander, not asked until our tuition fees outstrip the part-time job paying for the full-time classes, or until the day UVic signs its sovereignty away to corporate dictates. Then our answer will go beyond wondering about our representation as I AM CANADIAN beer-drinking cool.

The ground beneath our feet will have fallen away where we once believed lay enduring native soil. It is not enough to say we are proudly Canadian, when the entity of Canada today may be vastly different from that of tomorrow.

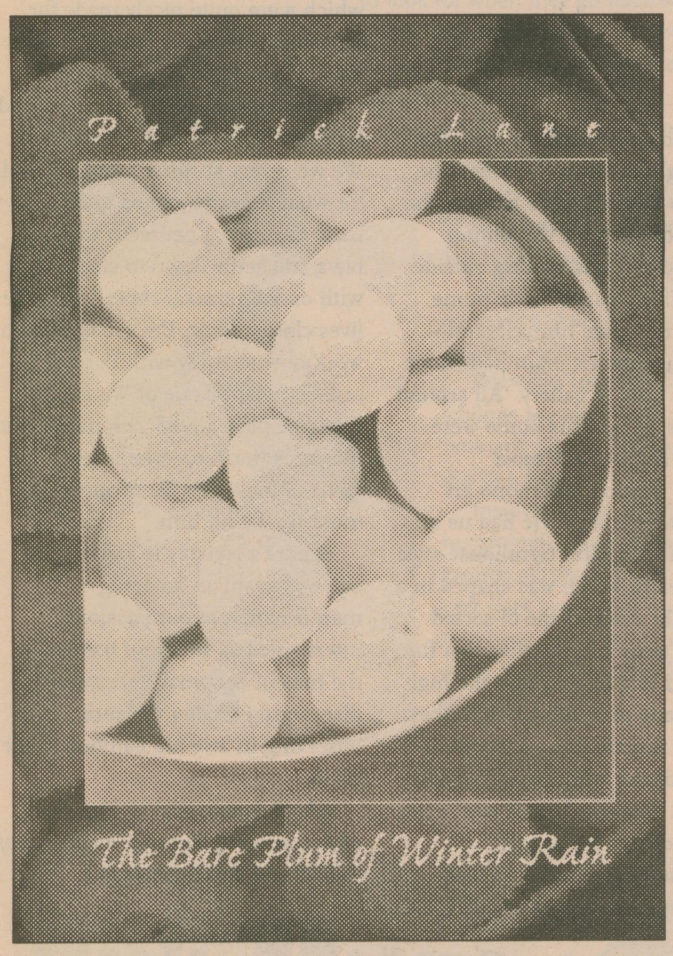
Or yesterday, as Myrna Kostash relates when speaking nostalgically of the more socialist years of the 60s and 70s in Canada. This is her vantage point in looking at the "next" generation of Canadians, aged 25 to 35, those coming after the GenXers, who shall, for the following decade or so, give primary definition to our nation. Kostash wants to know if this generation has a common purpose such as hers had, one that would allow us to say that a community of Canadians exists.

To answer her question, Kostash sought out numbers of individuals across the country of diverse backgrounds and diverse interests. The bulk of her book is given over to them in interviews and anecdotes. This open method obviously appeals to her sense that no single voice should or could ever have authority to speak for another (quite characteristically Canadian too, given the American "noise" that dominates our media). The idea of narrative is important to Kostash as a source of identity, but she resists any grand narrative of Canada that would pose us as a strictly white nation living within the vast spaces of a Group of Seven wilderness. Instead, she obtained an array of narratives out of different urban subcultures, races, sexualities, economic and social conditions.

The observation Kostash repeatedly makes is that Canada has turned more corporate, more global, at the expense of our public institutions and culture, but that these individual Canadians have resisted and subverted this trend to their own better ends. As an example, she looks at Internet technology which in one way has replaced real communities with virtual ones but has also been a tool to create connections for people who never felt part of a community in the first place.

For Kostash, it seems that the important thing is not whether or not the specific connection is shared by all Canadians; it is that we are all trying to make connections period. She calls this commonness we have "a narrative of pure desire." Out of the fact that the under-35 generation simply desire a place called Canada she draws a hopeful conclusion. Desire may not be enough, but with the future still before us, her attitude is the logical one.

"Every 5 or 6 years, Kostash produces an uncompromisingly original book." ~ Stan Persky
THE NEXT CANADA
IN SEARCH OF OUR FUTURE NATION
MYRNA KOSTASH



The Bare Plum of Winter Rain
Patrick Lane
Harbour Publishing

by Tasha Marsden

"A poet's autobiography is his poetry. Anything else can only be a footnote."
Yevgeny Yevtushenko, Russian poet

Open the pages of Patrick Lane's latest book, *The Bare Plum of Winter Rain*, and you know that you are reading the stories of one man's life. This is the life of a father, husband, lover, son, labourer, cat skinner, truck driver, first aid attendant, salesman, manager and accountant.

A collection of nearly 50 poems, *The Bare Plum* evokes simple and provocative images Lane uses to tell a story or give shape to a feeling as only a master of his art can do. Over the years, Lane has fine-tuned the craft of showing the beauty of personal moments as opposed to telling the reader the idea or sentiment outright.

Essentially, Lane reminds us that the great writers are the ones that can bring appreciation to the fleeting and distinguishing moments in life. His words fill the page with a sense of place – a tie to the Canadian landscape – from the warmth of the home to the small beauty of a bare plum.

Better yet is that we have Patrick Lane as a sessional professor in the Creative Writing Department at the University of Victoria. He and partner Lorna Crozier have taught at the university for several years.

Once you have heard Lane read his work, it's difficult to read his poems without imagining the strong cadence of his voice narrating the poem to you.

Lane's work has received accolades from the reading public as well as earning two of Canada's most prestigious awards, the Governor General's Award for Poetry (1979) and the Canadian Author's Association Award for Poetry (1988).

Oleg Minin paints pieces of Russia with Native style

by Beth McDonald

Russianness permeates these paintings with cool colours, stillness, dark-staring eyes, emptiness and self-contained figures. It is no wonder. In 1988, Oleg Minin came to Pearson College on exchange from Russia fully expecting to return to home but love arrived and he stayed.

Minin now teaches Russian language, literature and culture in UVic's Slavonic Studies and lives with his wife and two children.

The size of the MacPherson Gallery allows Minin to hang a retrospective of his paintings from the last seven years. With this, he is able to analyze the evolution of his work and consider future directions.

Minin acknowledges the influence of Kasimir Malevich on his style, the early 20th Century Russian artist best known for Suprematism and its non-objective works such as White on White (1918). Minin prefers Malevich's early work - a combination of Cubism which focuses on underlying geometric forms as seen in Admiral Timur and Italian Futurism which captures motion through multiple images, as one sees in the weapons dropping in Burning of Weapons, II.

Much of Minin's work focuses on Russian themes because as he says frankly, he is homesick. Through Pearson College, he had his first contact with the Doukhobors. Though Minin was not fleeing persecution nor seeking new freedoms, simply coming from Russian to Canada gave them common experiences. He did not know of the Doukhobors while in Russian, but in learning from them in Canada found their values and way of life, particularly pacifism, admirable. This regard is reflected in paintings like Working the Land, The Old Doukhobor and Burning of Weapons II.

As all Russian youth at 18, Minin, now 35, served in the army. The experience gives him empathy with the victims on both sides of the Chechnya conflict. In his watercolour, Four Corpses near the Tank II, he depicts the killing of young, trained but inexperienced Russian soldiers. Through the soft cool colours and delicate lines, so unlike war, I can feel the sadness of the officer, dressed in a Zsarist uniform, tenderly touching one of the four soldiers who all seem to be peacefully asleep in their new, fragile womb of death.

The Doukhobor series reflects a transition between Russian and Canadian themes but in his latest series of Canadian cadets, Minin shifts to a blend of Canadian themes with native forms. Minin sees Emily Carr as the definitive Westcoast painter and the native art as the essence of Canadian art.

Initally, I imagined 'Oh dear, another European artist appropriating the native style' but upon seeing The Cadet and The Eagle (which unfortunately is not in the exhibit), it became apparent Minin was not. He is synthesizing European and Indigenous traditions to produce a third distinct style.

In The Cadet, the profile's shape is a reversal of the head at the top of a totem in an Emily Carr work, but the painting still holds aspects of Minin's European influenced style.

This development is pivotal to Minin's work and possibly the future of Canadian art. Since the Group of Seven, Canada as a country has not had a recognizable collective style.

I spoke with Minin in his home which has the feel of his paintings: calm, self-contained, room to move. Using Minin's own style, if I painted him and his family they would be quiet, standing close, auras touching - similar to Minin's painting of his son, Boy (Nikita).

I find a wholeness to Oleg Minin life. His Russian essence; his teaching; his family; his painting's form and content; they all overlap, touch - being part and being whole at the same time.

Minin's great wish is to exhibit one day in Moscow where his Russian references and forms will be instantly felt in the hearts of the people.

Ex Animo is on display in the MacPherson Library until August 30. Go, look and share your thoughts.

The Fringe is coming! The Fringe is coming!

by Colin Plant

Featuring a roster of more than 50 international and local companies, this year's Fringe Festival promises to be an outstanding event. Considering this year's festival nearly got chopped due to financial difficulties, it seems ironically appropriate that this year's marketing slogan is "It's Alive!"

"Rumours of our demise have been greatly exaggerated," said Victoria Fringe producer Janet Munsil. "In fact, it looks like we're in for a banner year like other Fringes across Canada. Victoria will definitely benefit from an amazing touring lineup that's coming our way."

It has been a record-breaking summer for Fringe Festivals across the nation. Recently the Winnipeg Fringe sold 120,000 tickets during their 10-day festival.

While a strong turnout will benefit the artists who receive 100 per cent of the box office receipts, it's no secret Intrepid Theatre, the producers of the Victoria Fringe, would love to see the numbers grow here in order to give the non-profit company a firmer financial footing. Every person attending the Fringe must buy a wristband for $5 in order to be able to enter a performance venue. The proceeds from these wristbands go towards putting on next year's festival.

Providing live theatre in a less formal setting such as a church gymnasium or senior's activity centre, the Fringe strives to break down the traditional boundaries between audience and artist, encouraging open dialogue between theatre-goers and theatre-makers.

Applications for Fringe performances are accepted on a non-juried, first-come, first-entered basis, to encourage artistic innovation.

With its informal, accessible and inexpensive environment (maximum ticket price is $8), the barrier between actor and audience can be broken down and a forum for creating, sharing and promoting the art of theatre is encouraged.

New audiences and new artists alike are invited to benefit from experienced veterans, just as local, national and international groups come together to learn from and participate in each other's work. All this being said, it's the Festival's vibrant, and exciting atmosphere that brings participants back year after year to join the fun of the Fringe party.

Some of this year's returning favourites include the hilarious sketch comedy from 30 Helens and Sensible Footwear, the musical stand-up stylings of Rainer Hersch (think Victor Borge for a new generation) and the rambling stand-up genius and UVic alumni T.J. Dawe whose new show *Labrador* details his trek to Canada's Siberia.

Last year's Victoria Best Female Actor Shannan Calcutt returns to re-create her pitifully adorable clown Izzy in her show *It's Me, Only Better*. Her show *Burnt Tongue* is amazing.

Last year's box-office busting solo performer Dawson Nicholls, whose one-man tour de force *I Might Be Edgar Allan Poe* garnered him the Victoria Fringe's Best Actor Award, also returns to perform his new show *Virtual Solitaire*.

Sadly, only four local companies have decided to strut their stuff and show the local audiences what they've been up to. Funny playwright/actor Jacqueline Korb's returns with her new show *Partners*. Salt Spring Island is represented by Biting Hands Productions' Vigour Mortis, and also appearing are Victoria's own Detroit Players with their musical *Circus!* (A Royal B.C. Museum audition perhaps?)

photo provided

Fringers Malcolm Johnstone and Cheryl DeWolfe hammin' it up for the camera.

One local show that looks particularly promising is the local political satire Democracy InAction (sic). UVic library staffers Cheryl DeWolfe and Ted Goodwin have joined forces with some other local artists to form their production company Backroom Deals. Their original script paints a humourous portrait of municipal politics and in particular last fall's Victoria civic election.

Fringe organizers are proud of their partnership with the City of Victoria in the creation of Fringe Square. Located in Centennial Square, the site will feature the Festival's Information and Advance Ticket Centre, live entertainment and the Shaftebury Fringe Club Tent, where performers, volunteers and audiences can meet, relax, and get the buzz on the must-sees and must-misses. It's also the site of the Fringe Square Dance on Labour Day, with live music and awards for audience Picks-of-the-Fringe.

Munsil cites the importance of strong outdoor sites to boost the festival's profile, not to mention the revenue they can generate for cash-strapped festivals.

"The City of Victoria really helped us make Fringe Square a reality this year, " says Munsil. "Centennial Square's location in the heart of the Fringe's outdoor venues will raise the profile of the Fringe downtown and will - fingers crossed - be the start of something big."

Victoria's highly anticipated annual festival of alternative theatre hits the streets and intimate venues of the capital city starting today, and continues up until Labour Day.

For more information call 383-2663, or long distance 1-888-FRINGE2.

Belfry play *Lies and Legends* pleases Chapin fans with witty musical

by Colin Plant

Warning: Extreme bias ahead! The writer of this review is irrationally enamoured with the music and lyrics of singer/songwriter Harry Chapin.

There. Phew. I've admitted it. Now nobody can claim that I am writing this review without first stating my favourable prejudices.

Every summer for the past few years the Belfry Theatre has mounted a light-hearted musical designed to raise their audiences' spirits, not to mention a few dollars. This year is a little different. While they are still presenting a musical, some might claim that offering up a revue of Harry Chapin songs might be a tad heavy. But this is not the case.

While the American songwriter may be known for his melancholic ballads, this two-hour production is a testament to the sense of hope and inner-strength that human beings possess.

Featuring more than 20 songs, *Lies and Legends* explores Chapin's fascination with the stories of the small town American. The musical is not about Chapin's life, but rather the lives of those about whom he is writing about.

Whether entering into the mindset of a radio disc jockey that has lost everything except his job, or the broken widow from a whaling town, Chapin is able to illuminate what it is inside humans that enables us to go on. His minimalist lyrics are so evocative that the staging of them seems completely natural. And this is where director Todd Waite is able to add theatre to the theatricality of Chapin's music. Featuring a cast of five performers and a musical trio to support them, Waite is able to present each number as if it were a short one-act play.

There is strong ensemble work done by the quintet of singers. Each performer can sing, dance adequately and play the guitar that Chapin manipulated so well. While no one singer is saddled with the task of attempting to be Chapin, each has a several turns singing his songs.

The fact that none of the male voices are attempting to imitate Chapin actually works quite well for this production. Waite has instead enlisted three actors who each possess an element of Chapin's voice.

Youthful tenor Peter Jorgensen has the power and buoyancy of Chapin, while Ross Desprez is able to capture his playfulness. Richard Newman's gruff and rich deep voice provides the maturity and colour that is so available in his music. All three men ably make their way through the assortment of songs showing almost as much pleasure performing the works as we are garnering from it.

The two female voices Courtenay Dobbie and the renowned chanteuse Joelle Rabu are no slouches either.

Lie and Legends' actors Courtenay Dobbie and Peter Jorgensen.

photo provided

Dobbie, who also serves as production Dance Captain is a welcome buoyant figure whose soprano voice fits well into this production. Rabu is in fine form performing her "favourite singer/songwriter in the whole wide world," but she occasionally did not vary her volume effectively to fully capture the nuances of Chapin's songs. She is definitely the strongest singer in the cast, but this missed directorial detail limited her performance.

Pianist Tobin Stokes returns once again to the Belfry to serve as Musical Director, and this time he enlists cellist Kathy Stacey and drummer Jon Miller to join him. Although it would have been nice to have a bass accompany them, the trio ably accompanies the singers as they navigate through songs such as *Taxi*, *Cats in the Cradle* and my favourite *A Better Place to Be*.

Set designer Ian Rye provides an appropriately 'guitar-amber' coloured set for the cast to play on. Adam Wilkinson sensitively lights the multi-layered set. Wilkinson is able to transform the small Fernwood stage into a multitude of locales, each of them as different as the characters that inhabit them.

The standing ovation the company earned was greatly deserved. This hard-working cast was able to take Chapin's music, make it their own, and deliver a performance that was both true to the intentions of their lyricist, and yet, distinct.

Lies and Legends is a musical with a heart and a brain. It is definitely not to be missed. I know I'll be heading down to the Fernwood theatre again.

Playing until August 26. Call 385-6815 for tickets.

ON CAMPUS

Everyone is welcome to attend the seventh annual Earth Fest 2000 on Wednesday, Sept. 6 from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. The festival, located around Petch Fountain (in front of the library) is designed to promote student and community environmental and social awareness. The Sierra Club's Rainforest Bus will be making an appearance and will be available for tours. Ethnic cuisine, music, organic foods and coffee will add to the festive atmosphere of the day.

Siesta Fiesta is going to be back on campus September 8 & 9 in front of the library at Petch Fountain. Check out what this year's Siesta Fiesta has to offer.

The South Vancouver Island Mycological Society is a club of amateur and professional mycologists. We foster an interest in fungi and provide opportunities to learn about mushrooms, moulds and other fungi in all their forms and functions. We are a media resource for information on fungi. For further information, please contact our president, Dr. Bryce Kendrick, at 655-5051.

OFF CAMPUS

The RogueArt Gallery (4th floor, Eaton's Centre), presents Orifice or Edifice – paintings and sculptures by Will Gordon until August 27. In this show, local artist Will Gordon's thought-provoking work work comes to then viewer both from the urban streets and the backwoods. Gallery hours are Wed. to Sun. noon to 5 p.m.

Fernfest Carnivale 2000! You're invited to Fernfest Carnivale 2000 on Saturday, August 26 at the Fernwood Community Centre (1240 Gladstone Ave.) and Stevenson Park. Join our free community celebration with live musical entertainment, jugglers, clowns, mask making, children's activities, a corn roast, craft fair and community information booths and much more. The fun begins at 1 p.m. and finishes up at 4 p.m. For more information call 381-1552.

Effective September 2000, the **Canadian College of Acupuncture and Oriental Medicine** (CCAOM) is offering courses to members of the public. For more information call 384-2942.

Join the Rag Rug Community Project at the Moss Street Market. Learn a folk craft and recycle old clothes into a community rug. Final days for hooking at the market are Sept. 9 and Oct. 14. Call Martha at 598-7286 or drop by the market for more details. Check out the huge variety of vendors, vegetables, crafts, delicious foods and special event days. The markets, located at Sir James Douglas School (Thurlow and Moss), starts at 10 a.m. and runs until 2 p.m. every Saturday throughout the summer.

James Bay Community Market is home to fresh summer veggies and fruit from local growers, free range eggs, baking, flowers, art and crafts, live music and entertainment, kids' tent and more. The market runs from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. every Saturday throughout the summer at the corner of Menzies and Superior Streets.

Drop by the Government Street Market to check out the various crafts, clothing, collectors, music, the atmosphere and fantastic functional gift ideas. This street market is located between Fisgard and Pandora streets and runs Sundays and Holidays from 11 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

#1 rated nutritional company opening in Japan in four weeks. Be the first to open massive market. Looking for leaders with contacts. For more information email health&wealth@telus.net

VOLUNTEERS

Be part of Victoria's coolest film festival. **Antimatter: Festival of Underground Short Film and Video** needs volunteers to help with festival screenings at Open Space Arts Centre. Antimatter runs from September 15 -24. Help out with the box office, technical support or ushering and receive one complimentary screening ticket and an invitation to 'Wipe Out' the surf party of the year. For more info call 385-3327.

Friendly young woman with a mild mental disability looking for someone who likes crafts, musicals, gym OR coffee. Please contact BLuma at 477-6607 for more info.

Forming social group for young adults with learning disabilities. Are you, or do you know of, a young adult who might be interested? Call Judy or Liz for more information 474-1230.

Enriching our community through friendship. "Community Connections" reach out to persons who have a developmental disability, fostering friendship, community inclusion and shared fun! Consider spending a few hours each week as a mentor and friend. Find out how you can make a difference! Call Citizen Advocacy today at 598-6786.

People inspire! Would you like to encourage or motivate someone to get involved in recreation? Recreation Integration Victoria is in need of volunteers to provide one-on-one assistance to people with disabilities while participating in a variety of recreational and leisure activities. To get involved or for more information, please call Ben at 477-6314.

TUTORS

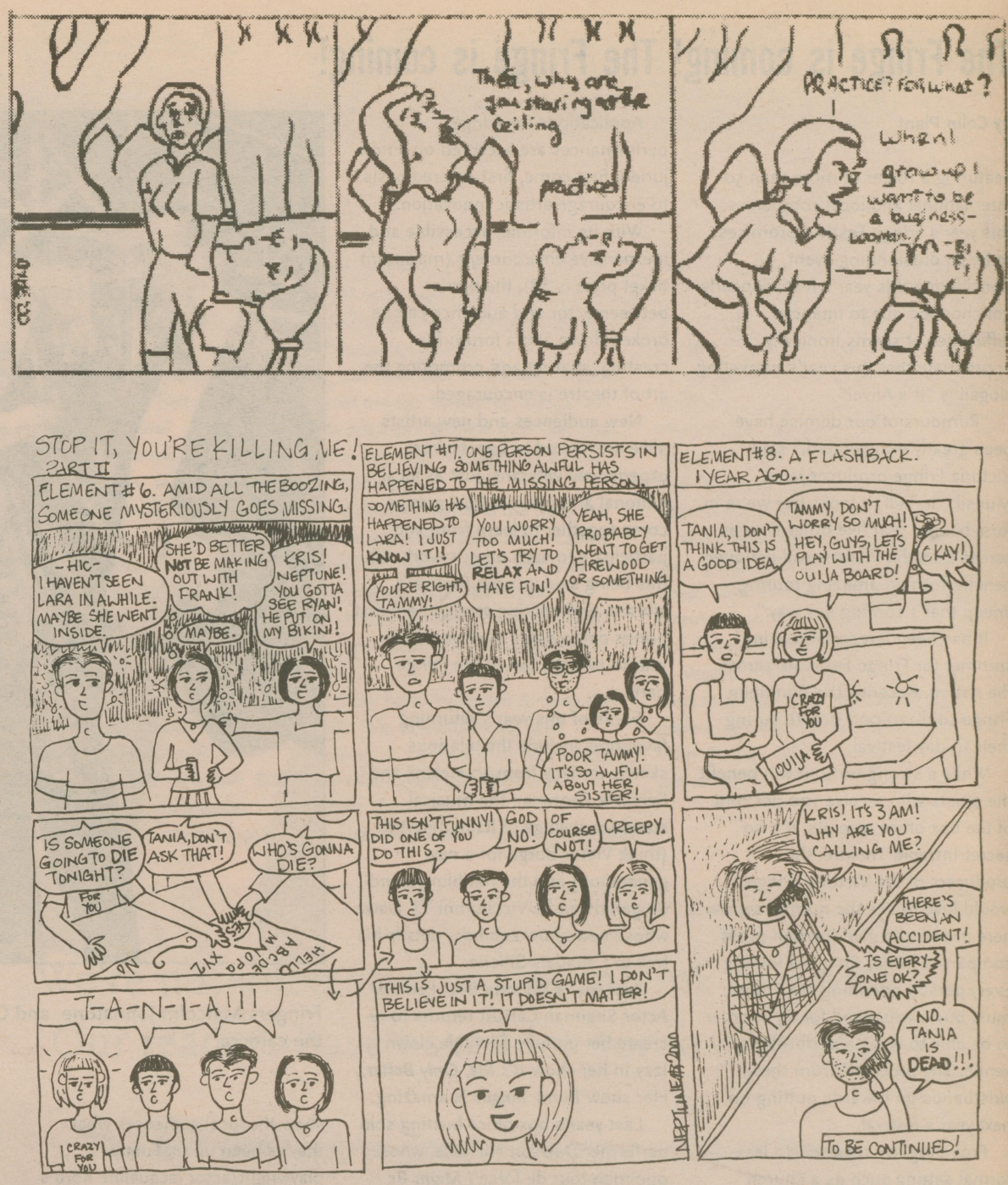
A-ffect Tutoring: Philosophy, English, education. $15/hour. Call Carlos at 881-8784.

FOR SALE

Sport Rent - Annual Rental Equipment Sale. Bikes, canoes, tents, rollerblades, wakeboards, skis, snowboards & much more. Sale starts Saturday September 9 at 8:30 a.m.

STOLEN

Reward offered for stolen brand new beautiful dark grey 21-speed GT Airstream Hybrid – looks like a cruiser – with black saddle/seat with silver flames. It was stolen August 22 from the Fernwood area. For any information, witnesses, details or feel like doing the right thing like returning it, please call 595-4101.


TO A DEGREE
That, why are you staring at the ceiling
practice?
PRACTICE? FOR WHAT?
When I grow up I want to be a business-woman
STOP IT, YOU'RE KILLING ME! PART II
ELEMENT #6. AMID ALL THE BOOZING, SOMEONE MYSTERIOUSLY GOES MISSING.
-HIC- I HAVEN'T SEEN LARA IN A WHILE. MAYBE SHE WENT INSIDE.
SHE'D BETTER NOT BE MAKING OUT WITH FRANK!
MAYBE.
KRIS! NEPTUNE! YOU GOTTA SEE RYAN! HE PUT ON MY BIKINI!
ELEMENT #7. ONE PERSON PERSISTS IN BELIEVING SOMETHING AWFUL HAS HAPPENED TO THE MISSING PERSON.
SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO LARA! I JUST KNOW IT!!
YOU WORRY TOO MUCH! LET'S TRY TO RELAX AND HAVE FUN!
YEAH, SHE PROBABLY WENT TO GET FIREWOOD OR SOMETHING
YOU'RE RIGHT, TAMMY!
POOR TAMMY! IT'S SO AWFUL ABOUT HER SISTER!
ELEMENT #8. A FLASHBACK. 1 YEAR AGO...
TANIA, I DON'T THINK THIS IS A GOOD IDEA.
TAMMY, DON'T WORRY SO MUCH! HEY, GUYS, LET'S PLAY WITH THE OUIJA BOARD!
OKAY!
CRAZY FOR YOU
OUIJA
IS SOMEONE GOING TO DIE TONIGHT?
TANIA, DON'T ASK THAT!
WHO'S GONNA DIE?
FOR YOU
HELLO ABCDE OPQ XYZ
NO
THIS ISN'T FUNNY! DID ONE OF YOU DO THIS?
GOD NO!
OF COURSE NOT!
CREEPY.
T-A-N-I-A!!!
CRAZY FOR YOU
THIS IS JUST A STUPID GAME! I DON'T BELIEVE IN IT! IT DOESN'T MATTER!
KRIS! IT'S 3 AM! WHY ARE YOU CALLING ME?
THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT!
IS EVERYONE OK?
NO. TANIA IS DEAD!!!
TO BE CONTINUED!
NEPTUNE '2000

BILLBOARD RATES

students & clubs	$2/issue
non-students	$2/line
businesses	$5.50/3 lines
hey you!	$1/issue

All religious clubs and organizations advertising on the billboards page must adhere to the following statement: *"Everyone is welcome. We oppose discrimination on the basis of race, gender and sexuality."*